

COPYRIGHT 1888
OCT 25 1888
23420
WASHINGTON

JAKE KILRAIN AND THE UNKNOWN-PAGE ILLUSTRATION

THE NATIONAL

POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted by RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Franklin Square, New York.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

VOLUME LIII.—No. 581.
Price Ten Cents.



SET FIRE TO THE BED.

THE AWFUL MANNER IN WHICH MRS. MARY WILSON, OF NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., SUICIDED.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

—THE—
HOLIDAY EDITION OF THE POLICE GAZETTE,
Out Thursday, Dec. 6, 1888.*An Elegant Colored Supplement, suitable for framing, superior to anything ever before produced, will be given free to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE with***NO. 537.***Remember, the price of the POLICE GAZETTE and Supplement together is only 10c.**Newsdealers are requested to send in their extra orders at once.*

RICHARD K. FOX.

THE SYNDICATE'S GRAND BLUFF.

The syndicate, who made a proposition some time ago to back an unknown in a match between our champion, Jake Kilrain, and subsequently issued a challenge to that end, have, it is scarcely necessary to say, put themselves in a very untenable position by their refusal to ratify the said match at the meeting for that purpose in Montreal, Canada, on Wednesday, the 17th inst. There was positively no excuse whatever for their action. They had pledged themselves before leaving New York, in the presence of several reputable witnesses, two of them being representatives of the press, to offer no obstacle to signing the articles, and even boasted that they would arrange the match "the quickest on record." The representative of Kilrain's backer was perfectly reasonable in refusing to ratify the match unless the unknown was named at the time of signing the articles, or his name written upon a slip of paper and enclosed in a sealed envelope, this to be kept by the referee and opened by him at the ring. His object was simply to prevent the syndicate from having two or three men in training and selecting one of them on the day of the fight, which would give the unknown's backers a decided advantage in the match for the championship. The action of Kilrain's representative was in strict accordance with the code of the prize ring, and the refusal of the unknown's backers to name their man after having pledged themselves to do so, was an indication that their intentions respecting the match were not conceived in good faith.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on Jake Kilrain and his backer for the determination they have shown from the inception of the proposed match with the unknown, to carry out, with the utmost good faith, the object for which the \$5,000 was posted in the office of the New York *Herald*, in Paris, and the further sum of \$2,500 was deposited with the *Sporting Life*, of London, and \$1,500 with the New York *Clipper*. They came forward like men at every stage of the negotiations for the match, and the failure of a satisfactory termination of said negotiations was wholly the fault of the syndicate who proposed to back the unknown.

The POLICE GAZETTE does not propose to enter into any controversy on this subject. Nothing can be gained by an idle discussion with men, who have shown a disposition to do nothing but talk, and who do not mean business.

But it is unnecessary for us to presume to censure them for the despicable conduct which they manifested at the last moment of arranging the match with Kilrain and the unknown. Every fair-minded sporting man will concede that their action at Montreal proves that they are not honorable men, and that any further attempt to negotiate with them for arranging a match with Kilrain and an unknown would be simply a waste of time. Kilrain's backer, therefore, will in future completely ignore any attempt on their part to arrange a match with an unknown, or to have any future dealings with them whatever. In arriving at this decision he is confident his action will be heartily endorsed by the entire sporting public.

MASKS AND FACES

Lydia's Legs--Fairies of the Footlights.

"THE STOWAWAY."

Assorted Anecdotes... "Mr. Barnes, of New York."

COULISSE AND CURB.

When Miss Lydia Thompson receives that big envelope in "Penelope," and takes out of it a very small love



epistle everybody in the audience is rather surprised. We expected a big letter to come from a big envelope.

In the same way, when we heard and saw the burlesque company of Lydia Thompson extensively heralded, puffed and paraded we were led to expect great things.

After witnessing "Penelope," a mythological agony in three acts by Stephens and Solomon, we were both surprised and disappointed.

The plot is inane. The wit is leaden. The business and jokes are antediluvian.

I'll admit that Lydia Thompson, though she hasn't voice, has intelligence and shapeliness.

I grant that Marie Williams was pretty and graceful and all that in her scant steel-gray costume.

I'll not deny that Florence Brandon and Ella Carrington did their dances neatly.

I'm perfectly willing to allow that Lillie Alliston, for a heavy woman, is artistically light of foot and gay of manner; that Aida Jenoure sings acceptably, and that Millie Marion is a winning sort of a creature, but—

Ah, that disjunctive conjunction, I'm afraid, spoils the picture.

You see the professed comedians of the company, Kellerher, Radcliffe, Kenney, formed such a wet blanket trinity of dullness, that they made me forget all about the girls and their dancing.

I was so bored that I honestly wished that the whole company had remained on the other side.

Among the men, the character mimics, the Pylades easily carried off the honors with their specialties.

The day has gone by for second-rate companies from across the sea.

Our well-known burlesque attractions here are way ahead of this.

Our appointments are more elaborate, our scenery and costumes richer, our songs and gags of more recent date, our legs more shapely and our voices more eloquent.

I'll grant that Lydia's legs are fine (my friend Cynic whispers something about pads), but the show is—be so good as to choose your own particular adjective and fill out my sentence.

I could not but think of some of our own burlesques as I witnessed these importations.

I thought of our footlight fairies as they are scattered all over this broad land of ours.

There's jolly Fay Templeton, and plump Marie Jan-



sen, and pert Anna Boyd, and dark-eyed Pauline Hall, and saucy Bertha Ricci.

There's Louise Montague, and Carrie Perkins, and Annie Perkins, and Jennie Yeaman, and Lois Fuller—please don't think these two ladies love each other.

though I do put them so close together on paper—and Georgie Parker, and Laura Burt.

There's Lena Merville, and Alice Harrison, and Annie Myers, and—

Well, those are what we call burlesquers here, and Lydia hasn't one as good—with the exception of Marie Williams—in her whole company.

Business is brisk in the variety circles.

Lydia Yeaman made a hit in Pittsburgh.

Maggie Cline, with the "Little Houston Street" song, catches on every time.

Laura Bennett goes with Pat Rooney.

Bella Bowers did well in Minneapolis, Minn.

Lillie Morris made a favorable impression at Los Angeles, California.

Maud Earlington, I hear, was a favorite in Peoria, Ill.

Alice Dillon proved a card in Richmond, Va.

May Howard was a big attraction at the London, New York.

Baroness de Belleville, in three songs and various costumes, seemed to please the auditors at Koster and Bial's.

Louise de Lisi, in character songs and dances, is said to have been a success at the Bowery.

Kitty Allyne had a rousing welcome last week at the Eighth Avenue Theatre.

Did she sing those lines the other night or did some other footlight favorite?

No acids do in kisses lie:

Who would for honey kisses barter?

Yet when one comes to say "good by,"

Then kisses are the cream of "ta, ta."

I looked into "Mapleton's Memoirs" again the other day.

He has a good deal to say of the vanity of some of the singers who were in his employ.

On one occasion, he tells us, the vain and eccentric Ravelli was cast for the lover's part in "Il Rinnegato." In the second act it happens that the tenor and baritone fight a duel.

In this there was no novelty. But instead of the tenor killing the baritone, the baritone puts the tenor to death, and this struck Sir Ravelli as far too new. He appealed to operatic traditions, and asked in an excited manner whether such a thing was heard of before.

"No!" he exclaimed, answering with vigor his own question; and, he added, that though he was quite ready to take part in the duel, he would do so on condition that he not, but his antagonist, should be slain.

It was useless to explain to him that in the story upon which the opera was based, the character represented by the tenor perished, while the baritone lived on.

This, he said, was just what he complained of. "Why," he indignantly demanded, "should the tenor's part in the opera be thus cut short?"

It was impossible to get the infatuated man to hear reason on the subject. He cried, screamed, uttered oaths, and at one time threatened to kill with his dagger not only his natural enemy, the baritone, but every one around him. "I will kill them all," he shrieked.

After a time, by humorizing him and agreeing with him that in a well-ordered operatic duel the tenor ought of course, to kill the baritone, I got him to listen to me; and I at last contrived to make him understand that there were exceptions to all rules, and that it would be generous on his part to overlook the species of indigency to which he was asked to submit, the affront offered to him not having been intended as such either by the librettist or, above all, by the amiable composer.

It was settled then that Ravelli was to be killed. But what, he wished to know, was to be done with his body after death? The proper thing would be, he said, for six attendants to enter, raise the corpse and carry it solemnly away to a place of repose.

It was absolutely necessary to promise Ravelli that his mortal remains should be removed from the stage to some quiet resting place by six corpse bearers, the number on which he set his heart; and he was honored, if I remember rightly, with the funeral he had stipulated for at the last rehearsal.

How's that for vanity?

Augustin Daly entertained M. Coquelin at supper at Delmonico's the other night. There were a variety of courses, of guests, of languages, of yams.

James Lewis got up and paid this anecdotic tribute to Coquelin.

An anecdote, though it may not have much pertinence, somehow or other always goes down when told over almonds and raisins after a good dinner.

"The last time I saw M. Coquelin," said Mr. Lewis, "was in the green-room of the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris during our first visit. I was made up for the *Professor in a Night Off*, and he said I looked so much like his old tutor that I made him shudder. A friend

of mine who saw me act in Paris said I reminded him of Coquelin, because I was so different. I think that was sarcasm. I never had the pleasure of seeing M. Coquelin on the stage, but I have been warned about him. Perhaps you don't catch the idea.

The year I voted for Andrew Jackson I was travelling with a small company acting in rural towns. In one village one afternoon after I had put up my traps at the local hotel, I asked the landlord where the theatre was.

"Waal," he replied, "we ain't exactly got no theatre but there's a buildin' up yonder where they give performances. It used to be Temperance Hall, but they call it Grand Opera House now."

"I went up yonder and found a marble yard. A man was chiseling 'In memory of' on a tombstone.

"Where's the Grand Opera House?" I asked him.

"Right back of the marble yard," he replied.

"Where's the stage door?"

"You'll find it just behind the third tombstone to your left."

"Well, I got on the stage at last. The carpenter was up on a ladder fixing a bit of scenery. I threw a ten-penny nail at him, just to attract his attention. He looked down at me over the rims of his spectacles, and something in my personal appearance seemed to fascinate him."

"Is your name Lewis?" he asked.

"I told him it was."

"Oh, I've been warned about you!" he exclaimed.

"How so?" I asked wonderingly.

"They tell me you're first-rate."

"Well, I've been warned about M. Coquelin, and they tell me he is first-rate. I'm sorry I don't know more French. Vive le Coquelin!"

Frank Daniels, in "Little Puck," amused the auditors of the People's.

Charles L. Davis, in "One of the Old Stock," held the attention of the audiences at the Windsor.

Robert Buchanan has written a poem in honor of Cora Tanner.

Grace Thorne is playing with Robert Mantell.

Mrs. O'Sullivan Dimpfel has left "The Paymaster." Her husband wanted to go on the stage one night, and the manager wouldn't allow him. Hence a row and a rupture.

William Winter, critic of the *Tribune*, last week distinguished himself by comparing comedian Coquelin to minstrel Backus.

Mr. Abbey got mad, and has taken his ad from that paper in consequence.

Winter is a great friend of Irving, and Irving is no friend of Coquelin.

That's the true inwardness of that criticism.

Charles Coote, who makes the artistic hit of "Fascination," is to be provided with a play of his own by Manager Rosenquist.

Coote used to play Nat Goodwin's part last season, on nights when Nat Goodwin was indisposed, and did it so well that the star's absence was not missed.

On seeing the "Stowaway" at Niblo's, the other night, I found it to be a good old-fashioned melodrama with all the modern improvements.

There is a villain who tries to kill off his rival cousin, a young wife whom the villain murders, a philanthropic young woman who loves the cousin, a couple of toughs, a newsboy, a faithful servant.

There is an exciting, realistic safe robbery, a strong scene on a yacht, a stereotyped reconciliation and an all-ends-well sort-of-a-scene for a climax.

The house was large and enthusiastic.

Mark Lynch was effective as the villain.

Helen Weathersby was commendable, though not remarkable, as the injured wife.

Leontine Bradley, as the adopted daughter with a taste for the slums, did her part satisfactorily.

Wm. McVey and R. J. Moye, as partners in crime, were good.

Harry Hawk, as *Dicky Dials*. "The Stowaway," was artistic and amusing.But the hit of the evening was made by Marion Elmore, who, as *Chuck*, a newsboy, fairly captured gallery and orchestra, and deserved all the applause she got.

It's worth going miles to see such capital work.

I don't know an actress on our stage who can impersonate a boy of this class better than that big-eyed girl.

Her diction, her gestures, her face when selling her papers, was a study.

Bravo, Marion!

The first performance of "Mr. Barnes of New York," at the Broadway summoned a fashionable audience to that beutiful playhouse.

Mr. Gilmour, who played *Barnes*, was free and easy.

I didn't like his eye-glass.

Miss Emily Rigi, who enacted the fiery *Marina Pout*, a woman intent on avenging a brother's death, was surprisingly fascinating.The work of Mr. Vandervelt as *Lieutenant Astrether*, the supposed cause of that brother's death, did his part well.

The scenery was exceedingly fine. The sky and water effects were artistic and beautiful.

The artist Gatcher, and the author Gunter, were loudly called, and bowing responded.

Dion Boucicault, with his white flaxen hair and cadaverous face seemed to be one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the play.

Mrs. Germon, was all that could be desired as the scheming mamma.

Frankie Kemble got plenty of hands for her acting of the fresh young daughter.

Isabella Eveson looked pretty as the lady love of *Barnes*.

F. F. Mackey was the conventional stage villain.

Ralph Delmore was the incarnation of a Corsican intent on vengeance.

But, somehow or other, the play didn't seem to catch on.

It would be a pity if Mr. Barnes

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won Distinction on the Diamond Field.



J. Stricker.

The portrait we present this week is that of J. Stricker, who is better known to the baseball world as "Cub" Stricker. He is a Philadelphian by birth and commenced his baseball career in that city in 1878, making his debut as a substitute on the Athletic team. At present he is a member of the Cleveland club, although he played a number of seasons with the Athletics and also with several first-class minor league clubs, the champion Athletics of the Southern League being one of them. He has distinguished himself this season with the Cleveland club, and the chances are he will remain with that organization so long as they remain in the American Association.

Norman Baker, of the Newarks, is desirous of spending the winter in San Francisco. There are a half dozen other fourth-rate players who would like to spend the winter in the same place, but the chances are that the walking will be much against the contemplated trip.

Kinslow, of the London club, felt quite confident that the \$150 he was fined would be remitted at the end of the campaign, and he told all his friends that it was all right, but it proved all wrong. The \$150 that was looked for never

came, and Kinslow quit the season very sad at heart.

Frank Graves is very desirous to go to California this winter, but there is one obstacle in the way, and that is obviated he will remain in New Orleans. It is simply the old, old story—he has not got the price.

It is very evident that there are no games of baseball played on Sunday in Augusta, Me., as the Congregational clergymen boasts that he has not missed a game in that town this season.

The New Orleans people contemplate selling enough of stock to pay off all back salaries. They want to go slow, or they will go into the soup for next season.

Burdock has not started the country this season with his brilliant work, and the chances are he will do the bench warming act so long as he remains with the Brooklyn club.

Valentine is about the only umpire in the country who has the record of fining the whole team, or nine men at the same time. The Washington club were very much displeased with his ruling and they were not slow about showing their contempt, whereupon he fined Captain Meyers ten dollars and all the rest five.

Stars do not always shine the brightest, especially when they recognize their own brilliancy, as the Cincinnati and Baltimore clubs discovered after they parted with their shining lights.

The Brooklyns will not give up the ship. They got pretty close to it this year, and they are in hope of catching on next year.

When Deacon White spends a cent it is like hitting a target and all the electric bells in the country ring simultaneously.

"Reddy" Mack thinks because he mastered ball playing and made a success of it he can conquer any other enterprise he chooses to embark in, so he has padded his pockets, thrown out his chest, and launched forth as a plunger at the races. He may last a little while, but when he takes a drop he will set down so hard that he is liable to break the crystal.

Long John Reilly got spunked by Kerins and by the time he swung his eyes down upon his hoofs there was no one within ninety feet of him.

If ever there was a good, whole-souled, big-hearted fellow, that man is Curry Foley. He had a little hard

luck once, but he did not blame the lady, as he said it was her misfortune and not her fault. All women are fickle and passionately fond of money. Curry would have been well fixed if it had not rained, but the clouds cried the day he was to have had his gigantic benefit in Chicago and the big tear drops fell all over the ground. If you want to read a chapter on hard luck just purchase the history of Foley's life.

George Smith's broken wrist is merely a sample of the gentlemanly style in which he plays ball.

The Boston people are wondering if Von der Ahe will have any men for sale next year. Yes; he can sell two-thirds of his players, and so long as he retains Comiskey and Latham he can keep on winning the championship each year. What Comiskey does not know about baseball is not worth knowing. He can pick up almost any kind of a "slob" and make a star ball player out of him.

Sheffler, of the Detroit, has got a long head. He knows what it is to eat snowballs in the winter, so he guards against it by soaking nine-tenths of his salary away each week in bank, and never drinks or smokes unless some less prudent individual is kind enough to extend an invitation. He is just made of the right kind of stuff for a rich man.

That fine young fellow, Arthur Whitney, of the New Yorks, my dear boy, whom you say has not had much experience, has been playing baseball professionally for about twelve years to my knowledge. If you only knew one-hundredth part as much about writing up the game as he does about playing it, you would hardly be guilty of the bad break you made about his not having had much experience.

That rising young player Ezra Sutton has been doing great work for the Rochester club this season, both at the bat and in the field. He is the twin colt of Methuselah, with whom he first learned to play ball. It was a great blow to Ezra when Methuselah, his playmate, cashed in his chips, and for several seasons, so ancient history informs us, he retired from the arena.

McGuire is playing a game now that makes a big lump rise up in the throats of the Detroit and Boston people every time they think of what they had and could have had, but allowed to slip through their fingers for the want of judgment.

It has been discovered that the ex-president of the International Association, Mr. E. S. Cox, of Toronto, is nothing like as black as he was painted, and the entire baseball fraternity rejoices in the discovery.

Nearly everybody that backed St. Louis against the New Yorks gave up all claim to the money after the first five games.

It is not all ball players that are prudent, and there are but few who can show a balance on the right side at the close of the season. Money easily earned is easily spent, and you will find this the case all the world over, and not that we are speaking from experience.

The Kansas City people seem to be made of the right sort of stuff. They have lost money hand over fist on baseball, and still they stick to the national game with as great a fascination as grim death to a dead nigger. They dropped in the neighborhood of thirty thousand dollars this season, still they haven't got enough, and will go at it again next year with renewed vigor.

Corkhill and Fennelly were great ball players while they played with the Cincinnati club, but now since they have gone elsewhere they are everything that is vile. Ask the Cincinnati papers if you don't believe me.

They laughed at Mutrie when he made his bet with Munson that the New Yorks would steal two bases to every one stolen by the St. Louis Browns in the world's championship series. If they keep on as they have begun the chances are they will come nearer winning five to one.

They had to make it an object to Fred Pfeffer to get him to take the Australian trip. Ten dollars per month and board is, of course, big pay for a ball player, but then Fred is pretty badly stuck on himself, and that is worth considerably more, so it was counterbalanced by giving him the score card privilege.

Jim Hart talked very loud about taking a team to California this winter, but since he has caught his engagement to manage the Standard theatre of the Cream City, he has let his Pacific Slope project drop like a hot potato. It makes no difference how many baseball players eat snowballs this winter so long as his own nest is feathered.

Morrill tried to boss Quinn, but the kid wouldn't have it, and managing Captain John had to draw in his horns.

CHAMPION WRESTLERS AND ATHLETES.

Elegant Cabinet Photos of all the Famous Wrestlers and Athletes, in costume: size $\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.



The Boston people are wondering if Von der Ahe will have any men for sale next year. Yes; he can sell two-thirds of his players, and so long as he retains Comiskey and Latham he can keep on winning the championship each year. What Comiskey does not know about baseball is not worth knowing. He can pick up almost any kind of a "slob" and make a star ball player out of him.

Sheffler, of the Detroit, has got a long head. He knows what it is to eat snowballs in the winter, so he guards against it by soaking nine-tenths of his salary away each week in bank, and never drinks or smokes unless some less prudent individual is kind enough to extend an invitation. He is just made of the right kind of stuff for a rich man.

That fine young fellow, Arthur Whitney, of the New Yorks, my dear boy, whom you say has not had much experience, has been playing baseball professionally for about twelve years to my knowledge. If you only knew one-hundredth part as much about writing up the game as he does about playing it, you would hardly be guilty of the bad break you made about his not having had much experience.

That rising young player Ezra Sutton has been doing great work for the Rochester club this season, both at the bat and in the field. He is the twin colt of Methuselah, with whom he first learned to play ball. It was a great blow to Ezra when Methuselah, his playmate, cashed in his chips, and for several seasons, so ancient history informs us, he retired from the arena.

McGuire is playing a game now that makes a big lump rise up in the throats of the Detroit and Boston people every time they think of what they had and could have had, but allowed to slip through their fingers for the want of judgment.

It has been discovered that the ex-president of the International Association, Mr. E. S. Cox, of Toronto, is nothing like as black as he was painted, and the entire baseball fraternity rejoices in the discovery.

Nearly everybody that backed St. Louis against the New Yorks gave up all claim to the money after the first five games.

It is not all ball players that are prudent, and there are but few who can show a balance on the right side at the close of the season. Money easily earned is easily spent, and you will find this the case all the world over, and not that we are speaking from experience.

The Kansas City people seem to be made of the right sort of stuff. They have lost money hand over fist on baseball, and still they stick to the national game with as great a fascination as grim death to a dead nigger. They dropped in the neighborhood of thirty thousand dollars this season, still they haven't got enough, and will go at it again next year with renewed vigor.

Corkhill and Fennelly were great ball players while they played with the Cincinnati club, but now since they have gone elsewhere they are everything that is vile. Ask the Cincinnati papers if you don't believe me.

They laughed at Mutrie when he made his bet with Munson that the New Yorks would steal two bases to every one stolen by the St. Louis Browns in the world's championship series. If they keep on as they have begun the chances are they will come nearer winning five to one.

They had to make it an object to Fred Pfeffer to get him to take the Australian trip. Ten dollars per month and board is, of course, big pay for a ball player, but then Fred is pretty badly stuck on himself, and that is worth considerably more, so it was counterbalanced by giving him the score card privilege.

Jim Hart talked very loud about taking a team to California this winter, but since he has caught his engagement to manage the Standard theatre of the Cream City, he has let his Pacific Slope project drop like a hot potato. It makes no difference how many baseball players eat snowballs this winter so long as his own nest is feathered.

Morrill tried to boss Quinn, but the kid wouldn't have it, and managing Captain John had to draw in his horns.

CHAMPION WRESTLERS AND ATHLETES.

Elegant Cabinet Photos of all the Famous Wrestlers and Athletes, in costume: size $\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.

It was bad enough for the Jersey Citys to have the Newarks beat them out in the championship series, but it was a bitter pill to swallow when they were beaten in four games out of five in the so-called series for the championship of New Jersey.

New York gave St. Louis such beautiful black eyes by taking four of the first five games played in the world's championship series, that the champions of the American Association were blind as bats when they stumbled up against the Brooklyns last Sunday at Ridgewood Park, where they got done up to the tune of 17 to 1.

The chances are great of the baseball season being shortened by at least a month next year, as it will save spring and fall, ~~fall~~ on championship games in the exhibition games with minor league clubs.

Mutrie is a firm believer in doing one thing at a time and nothing could induce him to take chances on injuring one of his players in a game with the Brooklyn club the day previous to starting in upon the world's championship series.

Spalding has had a bellyfull of selling players, and it is hardly likely that he can be induced to sell any more. He has not only been abused out of all character by the Chicago people, but he has been compelled to make his Australian trip with a second class team. They started off with flying colors and a big *hip-hip-hooray*. The All-American team were beaten badly in the first two games played, but it made the grand touring party look very tame to see the great Chicago beaten 8 to 5 by the little minor league club of St. Paul immediately after the Chicago had beaten the All-American team.

The great slugger, Tip O'Neill, can be had for a liberal sum of money. He will strengthen any team in the country, while the chances are that he will not weaken the St. Louis club in the least. Besides their famous pot luck, they have a way of pulling themselves together and getting there that takes the whole bakery.

It is claimed that Hugh Nicol has \$10,000 worth of real estate in St. Louis. Oh, come off. What next will you be springing on us. Nicol is playing in luck when he gets a square meal in St. Louis.

Some pretty lively guessing has been done as to the disposition of certain players next year. There is no harm, however, in guessing, and if it does the scribes any good let them go ahead, as it will in no way be injurious.

HIS HORSE TRAMPLED ON HER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] Lawrence Harris, whose family reside in a small suburb of Columbia, S. C., has long sought to win the heart of Miss Minnie Hammond, only daughter of D. H. Hammond, one of the wealthiest planters of the county, and the acknowledged belle of the village. The young lady received his attentions with the coldest indifference. Harris, however, has visited Miss Hammond's home daily for the past week. When he called Wednesday evening she declined to see him. Harris swore to be revenged.

On Friday night he rode to the Hammond residence and asked for Miss Minnie. He was told that she had just left for the church, about a mile and a half distant. Harris at once started off in pursuit and overtook the party about three-quarters of a mile away. He put spurs to his horse, and, yelling to the others to get out of the way, madly ran over the young lady, knocking her down. The horse trampled on her. She was terribly cut and bruised in various parts of the body. Harris escaped, but armed men are scouring the country for him, to lynch him if they catch him.

A SCENE NOT ON THE BILLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A scene not down on the bills took place recently at the Grand Opera House, Columbus, O., during the performance of Hanlon's "New Fangled." In the last act Mr. Roccanti, one of the performers, makes an attempt to jump from the stage into the audience. By means of a wire attached to his body he is raised by a pulley and jerked back by men behind the scenes. While attempting the act this night the wire broke while Roccanti was in the air, and, clearing the heads of the members of the orchestra, he landed among the occupants of the first two rows in the parquet chairs, causing a shout of horror to go up from the audience. No one was seriously hurt, Roccanti escaping with a sprained ankle.

ROTEN EGGED THE JUDGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Judge George W. Lubke, of the State Circuit Court, St. Louis, Mo., was the victim of a disagreeable assault Monday morning at the hands of Henry Weizel. While on his way to open court the Judge suddenly found that he was being made the target for a lot of rotten eggs, hurled with deadly precision by a gray-bearded German about 62 years old, who drew his supply from an old tin bucket which he carried. The egg after egg struck the bewildered magistrate on the head and back of the neck, and before he could recover from his surprise he presented a pitiable sight. The odor was something frightful, and Judge Lubke and his companions, who had caught a few of the stray eggs, hurried to the Planters' house to be fumigated.

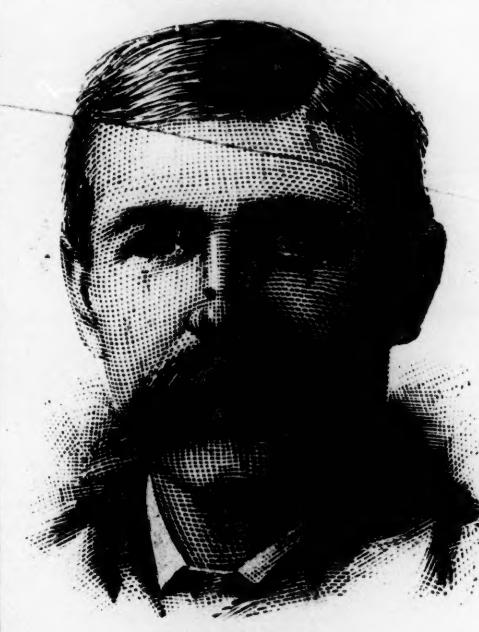
THE BALLOON CAUGHT FIRE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There were several thousand people present to witness an ascension recently made by Prof. Mortimer at Rome, Ga. The balloon was being prepared for the ascension and filled rapidly with smoke. When it was red hot the guy ropes were cut, and she shot rapidly upward, with Mortimer on the trapeze bar. When about 2,000 feet high the balloon commenced to career and behave badly. Mortimer climbed up the ropes to the mouth of the balloon and discovered it to his horror to be on fire. The balloon began to burn fiercely and gradually descend to the earth, amidst the yells of thousands of throats. When a few hundred feet from the ground it began to descend more rapidly, and just before she touched the earth Mortimer jumped out on a plot of grass and was unhurt, save a few bruises.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Men of All Sorts Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Alvin W. Weikert.

Alvin W. Weikert, Chief of Police of Harrisburg, Pa., whose portrait is above, was born in 1850, in the southern part of Pennsylvania. He was a carpenter by trade, and has resided at Harrisburg twenty years. When the present Democratic Mayor, Dr. John Fritchey, went into office, April 1, 1887, Mr. Weikert was sworn in as lieutenant of the police force; the following October he was promoted to the position of Chief. He has won golden opinions for his manliness and courtesy to all with whom he has dealings. "Al," as he is called, is popular with everybody. He is a prominent member of the Odd Fellows, both of Lodge and Encampment, also of the Knights of the Golden Eagles. He is a man of fine physique, 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in height, and weighs about 178 pounds. Harrisburg is proud of its Chief.

Henry Cook.

On another page may be found the ugly physiognomy of the wretch Henry Cook, who was the engine of the Lehigh Valley train which ran into the special excursion train at Mud Run last week, causing the destruction of sixty or more lives. The full particulars of this terrible disaster were published in last week's issue.

Charlie Gillespie.

On another page we publish the portrait of Charlie Gillespie, alias Hatfield, who is now confined in jail at Ironton, O., charged with the murder of Randolph McCoy. Gillespie is a member of the notorious Hatfield gang, whose deadly feud with the McCoy family on the border of Kentucky and Virginia has been detailed in previous issues of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Harry Morris.

Whose radiant countenance forms one of the attractions of another page, is known throughout the land and breadth of this continent as one of the best of our German comedians. He was formerly connected with Daniel Sully in his "Corner Grocery." This season he is with the May Howard Burlesque company, of which he is the proprietor, and which, under the management of Thomas E. Miano, has met with unprecedented success in every theatre in which the company has appeared this season.

Hugh J. Gallagher.

The frightful catastrophe at Mud Run, Pa., on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, was fully detailed in the last issue of this paper. Hugh J. Gallagher, who fired the engine which ran into the special excursion train, is alleged to be in conjunction with Henry Cook, the engineer, answerable for the awful sacrifice of human life on that occasion. Gallagher's photo appears on another page, and we are confident it will be found a most interesting addition to our collection of criminal pictures this week.

Frank Koehler.

On the night of May 1, 1888, Frank Koehler, an escaped convict from Sing Sing Prison, N. Y., as alleged, loaded two dynamite bombs and planted them against the walls of the residence of Attorney F. H. McClintock of Union City, Pa. He then deliberately lit the fuses of both, but fortunately only one exploded, otherwise the damage, which was considerable as it was, might have been more extensive and serious. As it was, the whole front of the house in which McClintock, his wife and two children were sleeping, was wrecked.

ROBBED BY HIS SERVANT.



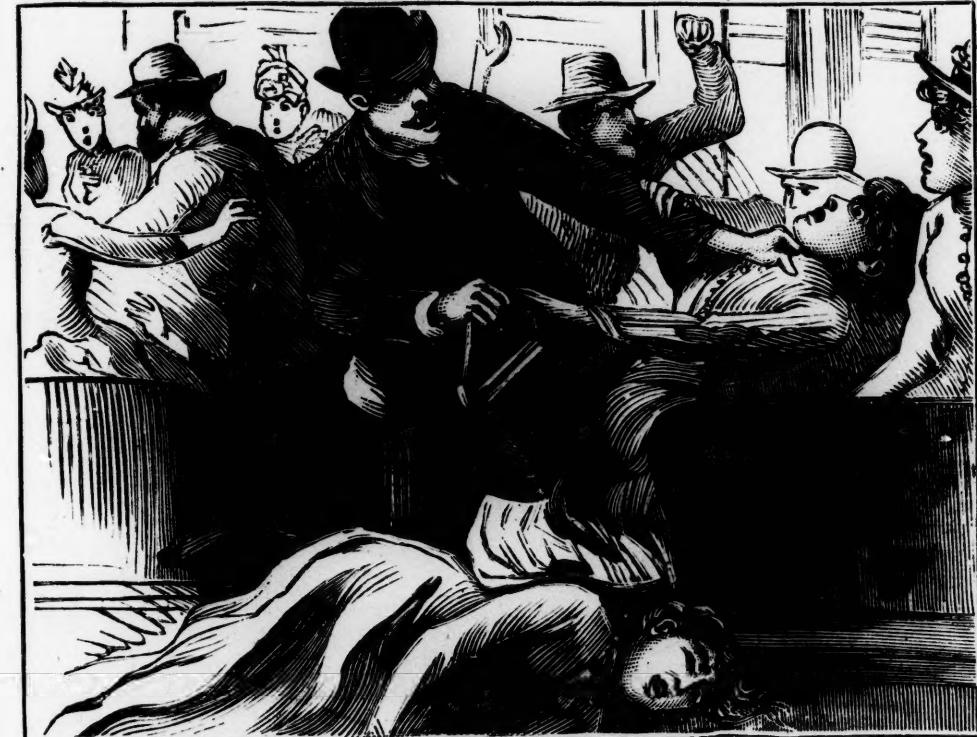
HARRY MORRIS,
THE INIMITABLE COMEDIAN NOW WITH THE MAY HOWARD BURLESQUE COMPANY.



FLORENCE ASH BROOKE,
THE TALENTED ACTRESS, MEMBER OF GILMORE'S "TWELVE TEMPTATIONS" COMPANY.



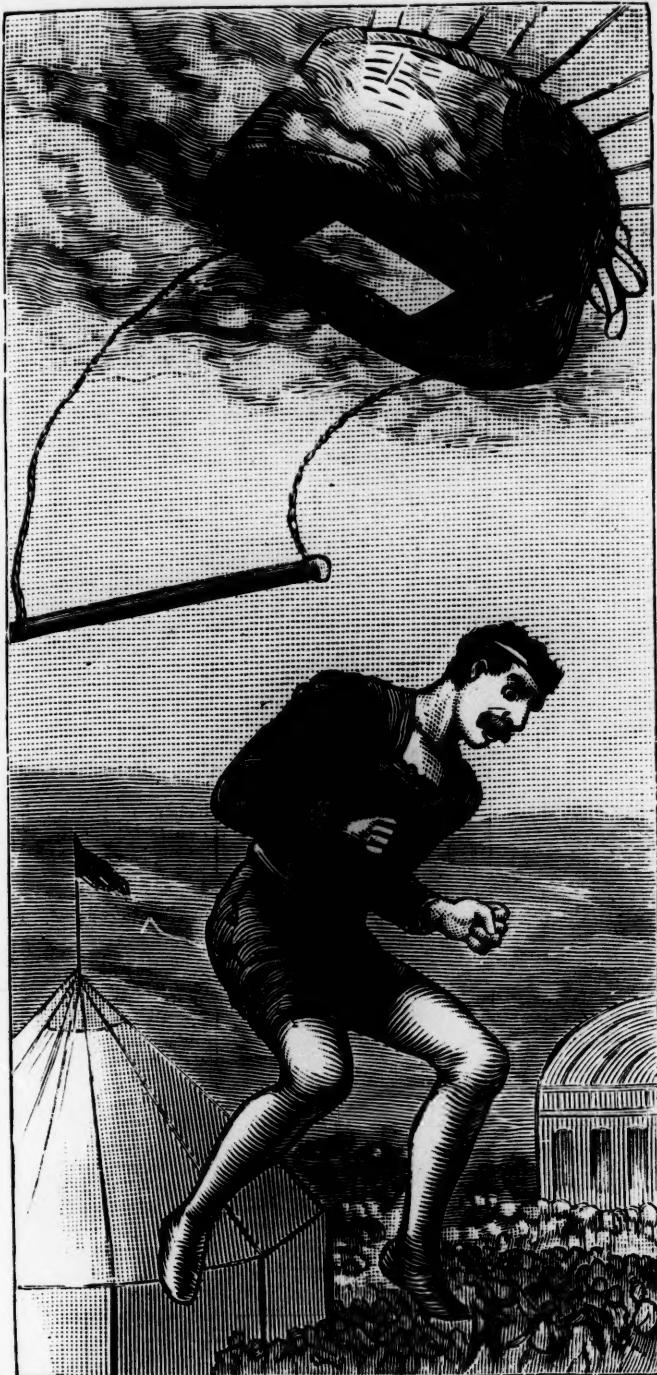
A SCENE NOT ON THE BILLS.
ACTOR RICARDO'S BLUFF JUMP FROM THE STAGE INTO THE AUDIENCE AT THE
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, COLUMBUS, OHIO.



THE WOMEN SCREAMED.
A GANG OF PICKPOCKETS GO THROUGH AN EXCURSION TRAIN NEAR WABASH, IND.



ROBBED BY HIS SERVANT.
A PRETTY DOMESTIC PLAYS THE BURGLAR BY BREAKING INTO THE HOUSE OF HER
FORMER EMPLOYER AT WATERBURY, CONN.



THE BALLOON CAUGHT FIRE.
PROF. MORTIMER MEETS WITH A VERY THRILLING ESCAPE
FROM DEATH IN MID AIR AT ROME, GA.



FRANK KOEHLER,
ALLEGED DYNAMITE BOMB FIEND, NOW AWAITING TRIAL AT
ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA.
CHARLIE GILLESPIE,
A MEMBER OF THE NOTORIOUS HATFIELD GANG AND MURDERER
OF RANDOLPH MC'COY.



HIS HORSE TRAMPLED ON HER.
HOW LAWRENCE HARRIS TRIED TO KILL MISS MINNIE HAMMOND NEAR COLUMBIA, S. C., FOR REJECTING
HIS PROFFERS OF MARRIAGE.



ROTTEN-EGGED THE JUDGE.

GEORGE W. LUBKE, JUSTICE OF THE STATE CIRCUIT COURT, ST. LOUIS, MO., BECOMES THE VICTIM OF AN ALLEGED OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT.



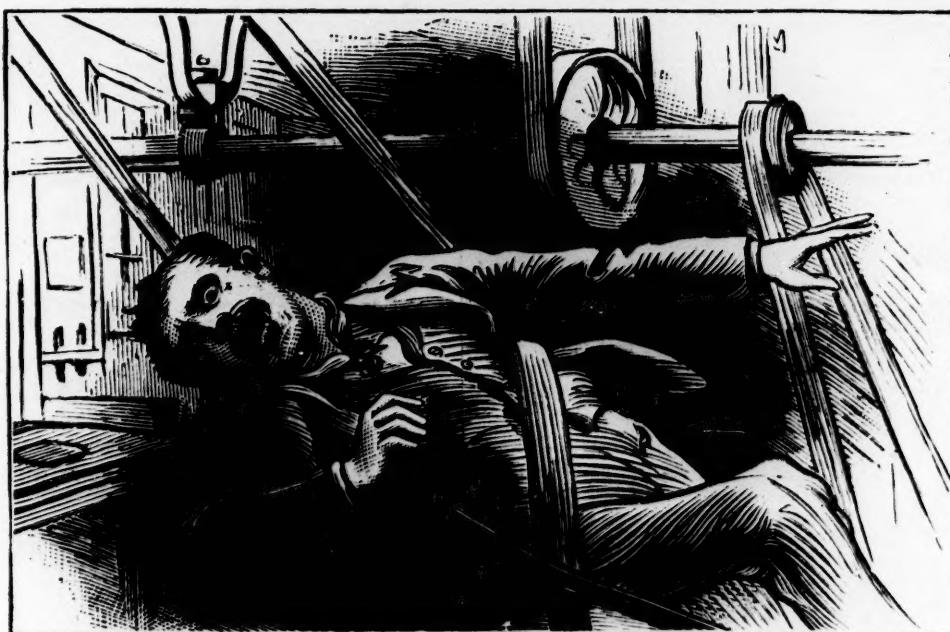
THEY PUT QUINN OUT.

A PARTY OF RAIDERS INVADE DISTRICT ASSEMBLY FORTY-NINE'S HALL AND TOSS
THE MASTER WORKMAN OUT OF THE WINDOW.



WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?

HOW A BELLIGERENT EASTON, PA., WOMAN PUNISHED A SALVATION ARMY CRANK
WHO HAD A PENCHANT FOR MASHING GIRLS.



MANGLED BY MACHINERY.

CHRISTOPHER PETERSON, A NIGHT WATCHMAN AT GREENVILLE, MICH., SUFFERS A
HORRIBLE DEATH BY BEING CAUGHT IN A CONVEYOR BELT.

HE FELL.

Startling Allegations Concerning the Rev. Mr. Hooper, of Mott Haven, N. Y.

HIS RESIGNATION ASKED FOR.

The Trouble arises in Consequence of a San Francisco Divorce Case and Charges of Immorality.

A CHURCH REVOLT.

For the past two weeks there has been a volcanic feeling among certain members of the Mott Haven Reformed Church, corner of Third avenue and 146th street, New York city. There was a decided difference of opinion between them and their pastor, the Rev. John F. Hooper, as to his further usefulness as the shepherd of their flock. In fact, it had gone so far that the consistory (the church board of managers) requested Mr. Hooper's resignation.

On Tuesday the city press published words to the above effect and closed with Mr. Hooper's statement as follows:

"It is not true that my resignation has been asked for. So far as I know, only two families are opposed to me. When they found out they could not run the church they tried to run me out of it. Now I would not resign if the entire congregation requested it. I went to California to fight the divorce suit and stayed there over a month, but it was repeatedly postponed, my money gave out and my church wanted me back. The suit was liable to drag along for a year, and as I had no means to fight it, I allowed a compromise by which the case went to default, and I got the custody of my eldest boy. The church knew of this trouble with my wife when they engaged me. I have the highest testimonials from my former church in Kingston from which I resigned three times before they would let me go. St. Paul's church is more prosperous now than it ever was before, there is more money in the treasury, the edifice has been renovated and \$1,000 spent on improvements, and still we have over \$3,000 on hand. All this has been brought about during my nine months' pastorate, and I see no reason why I should resign. As to charges of immorality, they never have been brought and never will be. In a foolish moment Prof. Curtis made a statement which he has since retracted. I would make it hot for any responsible man who dared to make such charges. There is absolutely no foundation for them. I honestly believe the majority of the church people want me, and I propose to stay by them. I have not resigned, neither will I resign."

Two members of the consistory were interviewed, and they deny for themselves that they were aware of the true nature of Mr. Hooper's family relations when he was engaged. They stated that a meeting of the consistory would be held this week; that if a complaint was made by them to the classes, which will meet in ten days, and by them sustained, Mr. Hooper would have to go.

The clergyman is a man of action, as his statement indicates, and if aught militates against him, it is his want of action in not treating in a summary way those who are making these serious statements. Among other responsible parties who have published these statements is the San Francisco *Chronicle*, under date of Aug. 28, 1888.

The heading is outrageous if not true, and is as follows:

A REVEREND MASHIER.

John Francis Hooper Gets Into Trouble.

DIVORCED FOR CRUELTY.

His Wife, Carrie, Tells Some Frightful Stories About the Clergyman.

Rev. John Francis Hooper is no longer a married man. His wife, Carrie, freed him yesterday from the burdens of a benevolent life by obtaining a divorce on grounds of extreme cruelty.

He is a noted man. Noted not only

as a noted man, but as the popular

still more

themselves to him. What can a man do under the circumstances? So, as the testimony in the divorce case shows, he calmly acquiesced in fate's decree and submitted on two at once. * * *

There was too much love at Martinez at last, so he accepted a call to Stockton. There a widow's heart broke for him when he returned one day from Petaluma with his real, sure enough wife—*nee* Miss Carrie Case, daughter of A. B. Case.

This was too much for the expectant widow, so she told on the Reverend John Francis. Her telling

her rather than have her visit her mother again. He was "knicky" about his meals, and had a pet way of sending his plate hurling along the floor loaded with meat, if the meat was not cooked just to his taste.

A letter was introduced in testimony, which had been written by Dr. Jacob Chambers, the family physician, at the request of Mr. Hooper, in which Chambers declared that the family difficulties were due to the physical condition of Mrs. Hooper and the influence of her mother.

The reverend gentleman's answer denied all the

going as if the Old Harry was after them, and, of course, it all happened almost in the flash of an eye. From the reckless way in which the girl ran toward the edge of the canon old Hank was sure she either didn't know it was there or was so frightened she had forgotten, and yelled out for her to stop, but it was too late. She cleared the brink and disappeared into the yawning depths of the dark canon with a wild shriek that fairly made the hunter's blood thick with cold horror. He was near enough to hear her body strike and break the limbs of a tree whose top was just visible from where he stood, and then go, bumping and rolling, down the rocky, almost perpendicular side of the canon. Luckily she escaped with a few bruises.

MARRIED IN A TREE TOP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The first country dance of the season took place at the farm house of Elisha Crandall, in the town of North Stonington, Conn., Thursday night. There was nothing peculiar about the dance itself, but it developed into a somewhat romantic wedding. It is customary for the youths and maidens of these sylvan parts to make a night of it on such occasions. An unusually large party was present Thursday night. The circuit minister, the Rev. Mr. Jay, arrived at Mr. Crandall's house on his "Jerusalem pony," to await the coming of the Sabbath, just before the festivities of the evening began, and he immediately took off his coat and joined the other two musicians, scraping a fiddle.

Among the party present were Miss Miranda Ellsworth and Jeremiah Simpson, an engaged couple and likewise a quarreling one. Jeremiah took exception to his Miranda's giving William Chesbro, a former rival, three numbers on her programme, and they had several tilts. It was after 5 o'clock in the morning when the musicians hung up their fiddles, and the feeling between Miss Ellsworth and Mr. Simpson had become so pronounced that the Rev. Mr. Jay, noticing it, decided to accompany the couple to Miss Ellsworth's home and endeavor to reconcile the two. The trio left on foot, as is the custom of the country lads and lasses. On the way a young Texas steer of ferocious instincts was encountered. He drove the party in trees along the wayside. They had hardly cleared the ground when the steer rushed up with a terrific bellow. The animal ran around and around the trees, bellowing and kicking until the air was thick with dirt and dust. A half hour passed, but no relief came. The steer still stood guard. Thinking this an excellent time to reconcile the couple, the dominie began. His work was done, however, almost before he had begun. Love had conquered, and frightened almost to death, the couple desired to be married there and then, thinking they were about to meet a horrible death. The minister complied. The lovers could barely join hands from their various forced positions; but they got a grip, however, and held it while Mr. Jay read the marriage ceremony from his impromptu pulpit in a third tree. Thus the twain were made one.

SHE WAS ATTIRE IN SPOTLESS WHITE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Louisa A. Moore, wife of Joseph T. Moore, a produce dealer of Oakfield, N. Y., committed suicide at her home on Mill street, a few mornings since, by shooting herself. She was found dead in a sleeping room up stairs. The spectacle that met the eyes of the physicians when they entered the chamber of death was shocking. There, upon the floor, robed in white, spotless except for the blood that stained the drapery, lay the corpse of Mrs. Moore, life having evidently departed some time previously. The body lay upon a quilt that had been carefully spread over the carpet, and the head rested upon a pillow. By the side of the body was a small rifle, with which the dead had been committed. The ball had entered the left breast, piercing the heart, and had probably caused instant death. That the act was the result of deliberation seemed obvious from the circumstances. Mrs. Moore's domestic life had been unhappy, and she had apparently decided to release herself from the marital bonds. Before committing the deed she had carefully attired herself in white, evidently with the idea of preparing herself for burial.

THEY PUT QUINN OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On Friday night District Assembly 49's quarters in Pythagoras Hall, this city, where ex-Master Workman James E. Quinn had installed himself, was invaded by fifteen or twenty persons, and it is said that Quinn was forcibly ejected through a window. George W. Dunn and James J. Daly both say that Quinn was lying on a wire mattress, covered with a comforter and copies of Tim Quinn's *Solidarity*, in an alcove of the office. Quinn, they both say, cried out: "For God's sake, boys, don't hurt me!" Thereupon Fitzgerald, one of the invaders, took him in his arms, carried him out by way of the cigar store, and planted him on the cold sidewalk. Quinn was clothed in his trousers, shirt and stockings.

PEOPLE MADE HAPPY.

They Win in The Louisiana State Lottery.

San Francisco was among the lucky cities in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. Three tickets brought small fortunes to three families.

"It was funny how I came to get in on this drawing," said L. Z. Charias, who won \$5,000. "My wife was sick, and I left my house, 929 Sutter street, to get something for her at the grocery store. While I was there a man came in with two lottery tickets. I thought I'd take one, just for fun. The next day the drawing took place and I was just \$5,000 richer. It came in handy, for we've two invalids at our house. Yes, I got the coin, and I'll take good care of it, too."

Three people won a one-twentieth of the second capital prize of \$100,000. It was like this: Louis Indig, the milkman, living on Gunnison avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets, bought a ticket numbered 21,023. One of his customers, Mrs. Alice McGee, living on Perry street, near Fourth, wanted a chance in the lottery, and asked Indig for his ticket.

After some coaxing, the milkman gave it up, when Mrs. McGee said it was for a lodger, Robert Vought, who was at S. & G. Gump's store. The ticket won \$5,000. Vought got married, gave Mrs. McGee \$1,000, and moved to 231 Fourteenth street.

"Seems to me," said Mr. Indig, "I'm the only man I know who bought tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery last month without winning something."

The third ticket was sent by a man here to a friend in Washington Territory. All that they won has been delivered.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, Oct. 8.



MAKING A RECORD AS A MASHER.

brought the Martinez maidens down on him, and he was brought before the Congregational Society, and was, to put it mildly, excused from further attending upon the Congregationalists. He left Stockton with his young wife and was not heard of until a few months since, when his wife returned to her father's house at Petaluma with her children and asked to be taken in.

The story she told, and that upon which her complaint was based, is a pitiful one. She says that her husband has an absolutely ungovernable temper. He gets angry on the slightest provocation, and in his fits of rage turns white and stamps up and down the room like a caged lion. Once he was lowering a window while in an abstracted mood, thinking no doubt of the girls he left behind, when the sash dropped on his dear little hand, and he fell from grace with an awful thud. Words were used by the Kingston pastor, his wife says, which were not to be found in the church creed. Then his

charges, and declared that he had always been a good, kind and faithful husband.

FAIR PAPITA LEAPED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A Silver City, Mont., correspondent sends a story concerning the remarkable escape of an Indian from a bear by jumping from a steep precipice. Hank Slicer, a well-known hunter and trapper, while out for big game saw the bushes in a state of violent agitation at two points, a slight figure in flight and a big black one in hot pursuit. It was impossible for a half a minute to tell what the mischief was up, and the old man, who had instinctively started toward the scene of the commotion at the first sound, kept his weather eye wide open and his finger upon the trigger of his Winchester. Presently the figure emerged from the briar bushes, and still under full headway, dashed over the open



"HE KICKED HIS LITTLE GIRL UNTIL SHE FELL TO THE GROUND."

anger demanded some more material manifestation, so he lifted his foot and kicked out glass, sash and all of that offending window.

His children were not exempt from his anger for one day, his wife says, upon some foolish provocation he kicked his little girl until she fell to the ground, and there he continued to kick the little one.

He called his wife by the classic names of "she devil," "bitch," "devil," etc. He objected to her visiting her mother after she had returned from a visit to her parents in this State, saying that he would shoot

ground, covered with mossy rocks, that led to the edge of the canon, and Hank saw that it was Papita, the fifteen-year-old daughter of old Half-Breed Jim, dying for dear life from a big cinnamon bear that was fairly making a swath through the briars in pursuit, and was now not more than two rods behind her. Both were

FAMOUS PUGILISTS.

Elegant Cabinet Photos of all the Famous Pugilists, in ring costume, size, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 $\frac{1}{4}$. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.

VERY DRAMATIC.

The Circumstances Surrounding the Murder at Little Conestoga Creek.

WAS JEALOUSY THE CAUSE?

One Theory for the Mysterious Slaying of Pretty Mrs. Dillinger.

A FATAL LOVE LETTER.

LANCASTER, Pa., Oct. 18.—A year or so ago the wife of Calvin M. Dillinger, of this city, while mending his coat, found a love letter in the pocket, with a photograph of a handsome girl. The letter was signed Mary Catherine Aston, and the portrait was of the same person. Mrs. Dillinger learned that the girl was the 16-year-old daughter of Isaac Aston, a reputable citizen of this city. She made her discovery known to her husband. From that time he treated her cruelly, and once attempted to kill her with a revolver. Subsequently he told her that he had married the Aston girl, but that he could compromise the difficulty for \$100. Mrs. Dillinger had money, and she gave her husband the amount to save him and herself the disgrace of exposure in the case of Mary Aston. Mrs. Dillinger afterward learning that her husband was maintaining his intimacy with the girl, obtained a divorce from him. Dillinger soon afterward married Mary Aston, and they removed to a farm on the Fruitville turnpike, about two miles north of Lancaster.

At about 7 o'clock on Friday morning, the 5th inst., as a crew of trackmen on the Pennsylvania railroad were on their way to their work at Rohrestown, three miles west of Lancaster, and were crossing the bridge over the Little Conestoga Creek, between Dillerville and Rohrestown, one of the men saw a dark object lying on the bank of the creek, a few yards below the bridge, and remarked that it looked like the body of a man. The handcar was stopped on the bridge, and Andrew Gans made his way down the high and steep railroad embankment. When he reached the spot where the dark object lay he shouted to his companions:

"It is a dead woman!"

It was the body of a handsome, girlish looking woman. Her dress was torn open in front. Her long hair was loose and lay in wet and dishevelled masses around her face and shoulders, and on the grass, and was filled with sand. In her hands she clutched tufts of grass mixed with sand. The eyes were half open, and the clothing was much disarranged. The body lay on its back, the feet being only a few inches from the edge of the water. The mouth and nostrils were filled with sand.

In the soft margin of the brook were the imprints of a man's shoe, and the marks of a woman's shoe. There were evidences of a struggle on the bank. The body lay at the side of a fallen tree trunk. The spot where it was found is on the Dunn estate. John Gamber, the tenant farmer, lives an eighth of a mile away. Seven buttons, which had been torn from a jersey the woman wore, were found scattered about in the grass. Two or three steps away a gold-plated horseshoe scarf-pin, set with imitation diamonds, was picked up. In the creek, fifty yards below where the body lay, and caught by the low-hanging branches of shrubbery, a stylishly-trimmed straw hat was found. On a paper in the crown the word "Dillinger" could be deciphered. The woman's clothing in front was soaked with water, but the back part was dry. The creek in the deepest part, at the spot where the dead woman was found, is not more than three feet in depth. There were no marks of violence on the dead woman. Dr. Bolenius, of Lancaster, made a post-mortem examination, and in his report declared that death had been caused by drowning. The body was removed to the dead house of the almshouse hospital.

About 11 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 2 Mrs. Mary Catherine Dillinger, carrying her 14-months-old baby, appeared at the house of Mrs. Margaret Bauer, on West New street, this city. She said to Mrs. Bauer that she was going to her brother Will's, and subsequently exclaimed:

"Cal whipped me last night and I have left him. Must I live with him? Oh, I cannot!"

Mrs. Bauer asked her if her husband was in the habit of whipping her.

"He does it every other day," she replied. "He habitually amuses himself by taking a hot poker and pressing it against the baby's hands. If she cries he beats her. He heats the lamp chimney until it is hot, and holds it against the baby's face, and if she cries at that he whips her. I must defend my child, and then he beats me."

On Wednesday evening, the 31 inst., Mrs. Dillinger went to the house of her parents, in South Queen street, Lancaster. She remained all night. On Thursday afternoon she went away, saying that she was going back home. A short time after she went away her husband called at Aston's. He was looking for his wife, and was extremely angry because he did not find her there. He remained at Aston's an hour or so, and then went away. About 6 o'clock in the evening Mrs. Dillinger returned to her father's house. She ate her supper, and then told her mother that she would walk as far as Shenk's toll gate on the way to her home on the Fruitville pike, saying that she would probably meet her husband. If she did she would go home with him and get his supper. If she did not meet him she said she would come back and stay all night. She left her baby with her mother.

"If I don't meet Cal," she said, "I will be back by 9 o'clock."

She did not return. A few minutes before 10 o'clock her husband came again to Aston's. He was dressed in the suit he was married in. He asked if his wife had been there since. He said he had not seen her.

He remained until a quarter past 11, and then went away, saying that he was going home. At 12 o'clock that night he awakened Mrs. Shenk, who keeps the toll gate between Lancaster and his farm, and wanted to know if she had seen anything of his wife. Mrs. Shenk had not seen her, and remarked to him that it was a queer time of night to be looking for his wife. The next morning, between 6 and 7 o'clock, Jacob Mayer, who was pulling corn in a field along the turnpike, saw Dillinger coming up the pike from the direction of Lancaster, and pass on toward his home.

is a narrow strip of soft ground bordered by bushes bearing the forked "stickers" known as Spanish needles. In this strip of soft earth, on the Monday following the finding of the body, Officer Witlick discovered the tracks of a woman's shoes, and following behind the prints of a man's shoe. The way the heels of the woman's shoes had been ground into the dust indicated that she had been pushed along toward the creek by the man behind her, as if she were holding back and trying to prevent him. A wire fence divides the cornfield from this strip. At the lower end of this fence

clothes in Dillinger's house, and contradictory statements of his as to his whereabouts on Thursday night. The Alderman reserved his decision until two o'clock yesterday, when he decided that the evidence did not warrant the holding of the prisoner, and he was discharged.

That the unfortunate young woman was murdered there can be no doubt. All the evidence of the dead body and the surroundings show that she was taken by force to the creek and held face downward in the shallow water, pressed even into the sandy bottom, until she was drowned, and then dragged out on the bank. Her person was not outraged. There is no road leading to the spot from any direction, the railroad being the only means by which it can be reached, except through fields. The Dillinger residence and Fruitville turnpike are a mile or more southeast of the spot, with nothing but ploughed fields between. No one has yet been found who saw Mrs. Dillinger after she left her mother's supper table on Thursday evening. The authorities of Lancaster county have not taken any steps toward clearing up the mystery, the investigation that has been made so far being virtually no investigation at all.

SPARKING IN TOMPKINS SQUARE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Cupid has had great sport in Tompkins Park, this city, on pleasant evenings of a Sunday for some time past. Recently the interesting spectacle of forty couples, seated on brown settees, breathing tales of love, was witnessed at this charming rendezvous for "spoonies" young men and women. Near the circular structure in the centre of the park sat a maiden of sixteen or thereabouts, clad in a maroon dress, which just reached to the top of her buttoned boots, a lavender jacket, and a jaunty hat matching her dress, with a raven's wing in the band, and underneath that hat was a pretty face, plump and dimpled. Her tourney was rather pronounced, and jutted beyond the back of the settee, our city fathers, with their usual sagacity, having decreed that these settee backs should have a vacant space just above the seat.

Close beside her sat a youth of equal age, who was gazing into her eye. He held her hand in his, and in an undertone told her many pretty secrets.

Changing her hand to his other one, his arm gently stole round her waist; she seemed unconscious of it; he whispered something and she shyly looked at him, presumably the better to understand his whisper; he inclined his face to hers and "just one" he pleaded—and he hastily took one, two, three.

She then became absorbed in watching the shifting shadows on the walk. He paused a few seconds in admiration of her, and then resumed talking, and she talked, too, in a bashful way.

But presently a very substantial vision intruded itself upon their happiness—a tall, ponderous Dutchman in trousers of ample volume, a jean jumper and a velvet cap similar to those worn by the drivers of brewery wagons, and he was puffing a long pipe.

"You vas here, eh?" he queried, looking at the girl.

"You vas coome home."

She "coomed."

Her lover strolled away, disconsolate, in the opposite direction, and her father escorted her from the park, eyeing her askance and uttering tobacco smoke instead of useless reproof.

Another young couple, after plumping down on two settees and popping up again, settled themselves at last on a third and began to laugh and chatter gaily. The fellow manifested his affection by pulling his sweetheart's hair and pinching her ears. She "te-he'd" slapped him playfully, and twittered: "Now, Jamesie, you stop."

But just the same, she didn't seem pleased when Jamesie did stop, and she slapped him some more, whereas Jamesie put his fingers about her neck, pushed back her head and boyishly gave her a loud kiss.

With all the other couples the time was fraught with happiness and sweetness, and most of them didn't leave the park until the broad-faced clock in the steeple of St. Bridget's church near by tolled the hour of ten.

"WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Late Monday afternoon a tall, slim, nicely-dressed woman pounced on a short, thick-set man, with long hair and beard, at Ferry and Fourth streets, Easton, Pa., and cried: "Where is my daughter? Where have you taken her, you wretch?" The man offered no resistance, but as best he could between the woman's vigorous shaking he said: "She is in God's hands. I don't know where."

The police arrived and took both to headquarters. The woman proved to be Mrs. Mary Ricker, a respectable widow of Phillipsburg, N. J. The man is Mason Huntzman, age thirty-two, a religion crank who goes about telling people he is a messenger from God. He plies his art chiefly on women. He induced two married women, Mrs. Eliza Berry and Mrs. Jane Howell, to leave their husbands at Park Ridge and live with him in a house there until the indignant people cowhided Huntzman and drove him from the place. The crank had been mashing Mrs. Ricker's daughter, and hence her attempt to punish him.

MANGLED BY MACHINERY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Chris Peterson, a night watchman in Anderson & Foster's saw mill, near Greenville, Mich., started the machinery in motion on Thursday night to clear out the sawdust conveyors, and was caught in the conveyor belt and drawn around the shaft above. The engineer went to the mill Friday morning and found it running slowly, the steam being nearly exhausted. The remains of Peterson were found under the shaft on the floor. The body was literally ground up, except a piece of the trunk between the arms and the hips, and one hand.

BURIED BY FALLING ROCK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Several miners were buried by falling rock at the Winthrop mine, Nagaunee, Mich., on Tuesday, and it was feared all were killed, but after strenuous work by their comrades all were rescued except a miner named McCarthy. He was not dead yet, and his voice could be heard from under the dense mass above him. At first accounts it was thought he might be released from his perilous position.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.

For authentic information on all kinds of sports, buy the POLICE GAZETTE. It only costs 10 cents per copy. If you cannot procure it from your newsdealer send \$1 to this office for a 13 weeks' subscription.



"IT IS A DEAD WOMAN."

Constables Witlick and Barnhold began to investigate the case of the drowned woman early on Friday forenoon. The news of the mysterious drowning had spread quickly, and Dillinger, who had come to Lancaster in the morning, said that the description of the woman was very much like his wife. He accompanied Constable Barnhold to the dead house, and identified the body as that of his wife. He then went with the officers to the bank of the creek and showed the spot where the body was found, saying, on being asked how he knew it, that he had read of the location in the paper. He said the horseshoe scarf-pin was his, but that he had not worn it for some months, his wife using it to fasten her collar. His shoes fitted the footprints on the edge of the creek. Other circumstances seeming to warrant it, Dillinger was placed under arrest. The officer obtained a search warrant and entered Dillinger's house. They found a wet suit of working clothes on the floor in the front room. A pair of woolen stockings, wringing wet, were found under the porch. A lock of hair, resembling that of the dead woman, was found fast to a coat found in the house. A photograph of Dillinger's wife and one of himself had been torn from an album on the parlor table and thrown upon the floor.

were evidence that some one had been forced over or through the wires. One of the heel marks made by the man's shoes in the soft dirt was broader than the others. They were measured, and the heels of Dillinger's shoes examined. The right heel mark was broader than the left, owing to a tap that had been put on it. The body of the dead woman's dress was full of the Spanish needles.

At a coroner's investigation, held three days after the finding of the body, Mrs. Margaret Bauer swore that Mrs. Dillinger had no pin on when she was at her house. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the deceased came to her death by drowning, at the hands of some person unknown. Last night a hearing was given to Dillinger before Alderman Spurrier. He was defended by W. U. Hensel and Jay Hay Brown. In giving his testimony Officer Witlick exhibited a torn scarf taken from the prisoner with hole marks of a scarf pin in it. It was elicited during the examination that Dillinger was jealous of his wife, and had once declared that "if he couldn't have her no one else should." The medical testimony was that the undigested condition of the contents of the dead woman's stomach established the fact that death must have ensued within three hours, at the latest, after she had



"CAL WHIPPED ME LAST NIGHT AND I HAVE LEFT HIM."

At the foot of the railroad bank, running parallel with it and a cornfield that extends down toward the Little Conestoga creek to within a few yards of the bank where the dead body of Mrs. Dillinger was found,

WHAT 25 CENTS WILL BUY.

No Republican should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Harrison and Morton; size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.



SPARKING IN TOMPKINS PARK.

A PLACE WHICH CUPID HAS MADE HIS FAVORITE STAMPING GROUND, AND WHERE THE STERN PATERFAMILIAS IS WONT TO APPEAR.



MARRIED IN THE TREE TOPS.

HOW AN INFURIATED STEER UNWITTINGLY LENT HYMEN A HELPING HAND NEAR NORTH STONINGTON, CONN.



BURIED BY FALLING ROCK.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF SEVERAL MINERS IN CONSEQUENCE
OF THE CAVING IN OF A SHAFT AT NEGAUNEE, MICH.STRUCK DOWN BY HIGHWAYMEN.
A RUFFIAN ASSAULTS AND ROBS MAJOR RUFUS KING OF GOV.
GREEN'S STAFF IN NORTH ELIZABETH, N. J.

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S DEMENTED ACT.

PROF. CURTIS B. WILLEY, OF BATAVIA, N. Y., SUICIDES BY DROWNING
IN CONSEQUENCE OF TROUBLE.

FAIR PAPITA LEAPED.

TO ESCAPE A HUGE PURSUING BEAR SHE JUMPS FROM A DIZZY
PRECIPICE NEAR SILVER CITY, MONT.

PUGILISTIC.

The Journey by Champion Kilrain to Montreal Ends in a Fizzle.

THE UNKNOWN DIDN'T SHOW UP.

John L. Sullivan has recovered sufficiently to take outdoor exercise.

William Gabig, the mysterious boxer of Pittsburgh, is working at his trade, that of cooper, at Albany.

Billy Branigan, of New York city, and Jack Smith, of Long Island City, fought three rounds, Oct. 7, when the fight was stopped by the police.

Jack Fitzpatrick, the Canadian light-weight, who recently defeated Doherty at Montreal, is out with a challenge to fight the Belfast Spider to a finish.

Jack Ashton and Jim Fell are matched to box at Providence a limited number of rounds on or about Oct. 25. The battle will be with regulation gloves and for scientific points.

Jack Deasley and Mike Murphy, two Philadelphia light-weights, fought a savage rounds near Camden, N. J., during night, when a wrangling ensued that ended in the mobbing of the referee. The stakes (\$250) were divided.

The Australian hint of a challenge for the America's cup will not be likely to disturb our equanimity. It seems to be as much a piece of "bluff" as was the putting up of a "great unknown" to fight such a redoubtable champion as Kilrain.—N. Y. Herald.

There was a fight to a finish with hard gloves in Philadelphia on October 17 between George W. Willis, of New York, and a well-known middle-weight of this city. Willis won the fight and money by a knock-out blow in the ninth round. Time, 85 minutes.

Steve Ackerman and Jack Owens, both of New York, fought in barn near Coney Island, Oct. 17. The mill lasted 1 hour 25 minutes, in which 15 rounds were fought. Owens was triumphantly punished. The purse of \$500 and the battle was awarded to Ackerman. The men stripped at 171 pounds.

Articles of agreement were signed October 18 for a glove contest between Mike Donovan and Jack Dempsey. The match is for six rounds and Dempsey to receive 65 per cent. of the gate receipts win or loss. Palace Ring, Williamsburg, has been engaged for the contest, which is to take place on November 15.

Jack Fallon, the Brooklyn strong boy, has posted \$600 and challenged Jimmy Carroll or Tom Lees, the Australian, for \$600 a side, to meet to a finish, or will spar Jack Ashton 10 rounds for gate receipts, winner to take all. Arrangements can be made with his backer, Frank Stevenson, at 137 Bleecker street.

Con Riley, accompanied by Prof. C. A. Smith, left Friday night for Grand Rapids, Mich., where he will have a 10-round go with Jack Wannop Monday evening. Before leaving for the North Riley signed articles of agreement for a 15-round fight with Jack Riffle, the middle-weight champion of Philadelphia, to come off on or before Nov. 12.

Jack Gallagher of Lynn, Mass., and Ed McGinty of Philadelphia fought 29 desolate rounds with scant 2-ounce gloves in a beach house, at Saugus, early on Friday morning. When time was called for the thirtieth round McGinty threw up the sponge, and the referee awarded the fight to Gallagher. Both men were badly punished. The battle was for a purse of \$300.

Dan Daly, of St. Louis, Mo., one of the best middle-weights in the West and the winner of a half dozen battles, signed articles on October 16 to fight Hugh McManus to a finish for \$1,000 a side. They are to fight with kid gloves in eight weeks. Two hundred dollars forfeit is up. McManus defeated Arthur Flint a year ago, and has been anxious to fight Daly.

Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion and holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, accepted Oct. 17 a challenge from Billy Myers, the Illinois light weight. McAuliffe is backed by Dick Riddle, the St. Louis bookmaker. He posted \$300 yesterday to arrange for a match for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side and the light-weight championship of America. McAuliffe says he will fight within eight weeks of the signing of the articles, at some place within 500 miles of this city.

Frank Steele of Boston, feather-weight pugilist, and James Larkins of Jersey City, have signed articles for a skin-tight glove contest, to a finish, for \$500 a side and an added purse of \$500. Each side has posted \$250. Harry Umiah is behind Steele in the match, and will furnish the purse for the prize. The Spider only weighed 103 pounds, while Hornbucker was fully 120, under ordinary circumstances, but Hornbucker's right hand was so puffed up and sore from injuries sustained by his falling on it that the men were nearly matched that would otherwise have been the case. The men fought exactly one hour, during which time fifteen rounds were got through with. The Spider proved to be very quick and shifty, and from the start to the finish he did the greater part of the leading. He was aware that Hornbucker's right was practically useless except to stop blows with, and this gave him courage that enabled him to make a good showing with a man big enough to eat him. In the earlier part of the fight Hornbucker contented himself with countering his man severely on the nose, and in the second and third rounds he had him bleeding like a pig. By and by the Spider learned better how to evade these counters, and then he took a decided lead, though Hornbucker's superior strength made him very dangerous. The Spider nearly closed Hornbucker's left eye, and in the last round nailed him so hard on the mouth that his lips puffed up and blood was drawn from them. The referee decided the bout a draw, and the purse was divided.

John L. Sullivan was able to talk yesterday, says a Boston dispatch to the Sun. "It will be too bad," said he, "if I cannot get the first crack at this man Kilrain; but I have not given up hope yet. If I do get the chance it will be because Fox can't help himself." If there is any man in the world that Fox would like to pit Kilrain against it is Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Fox thinks, is a 4-round glove pugilist, and if he cannot knock his opponent out in 4 rounds, London rules, he cannot win. The fight with Mitchell plainly showed this. "Sullivan," says Billy Madlen, who know him better than many a living, "is not a long-winded fighter by any means."—N. Y. Daily News.

A prize fight between Tommy Flanigan, of Cincinnati, and Pete McCabe, of Albany, was prevented on Tuesday night, and not only did the sports get the tip, but the police as well. The selected battle ground was a nice secluded spot on the Riverside drive, for which the party started. They rode up the Sixth Avenue to Ninety-third street, and then made for the grounds under the escort of a guide. A policeman from Captain Bergfeld's precinct saw them, reported the matter at the station, and got a squad of twenty officers out after the party. The gang was captured nearly in its entirety. McCabe and his train were locked up, while the rest were told to light out of the precinct.

Jimmy Ryan of Philadelphia and John Dailey, middle-weight pugilists, have signed articles to fight with skin gloves, to a finish, on or before Nov. 10, for \$500 and an added purse of \$500, and the middle-weight championship of Pennsylvania. The affair is in the hands of a well known sport of the Quaker City, who is soliciting subscriptions of \$10 each to make up sufficient to guarantee the purse and expenses. Ryan for several years held the State championship, but after being defeated by Jack Dempsey, he dropped out of existence and was succeeded by Jack Fogarty. The latter has outgrown that class, and Ryan again aspires for the title. Dailey is promising looking. He has fought draw with the St. Joe Kid, Denny Kelleher and Jack Burke. The fight is to take place within 50 miles of Philadelphia.

The special correspondent of the "Police Gazette," Mr. George W. Atkinson, of London *Sporting Life*, cables the following to the POLICE GAZETTE Oct. 19, which will be read with considerable interest by the sporting public:

LONDON, Oct. 19, 1888.

Charley Mitchell was tried at Chichester, to-day, on the charge of participating in a prize fight, and honorably acquitted, there being not the slightest evidence against him. Mitchell was arrested while going from the Goodwood spring meeting with a party of friends, on the flimsiest excuse that an official over-trumped up, and held over in ball to appear Oct. 19, which resulted as stated. Mitchell will leave for America on Saturday, Oct. 20. Everything is quiet in the sporting line here this week. Charley Bowell will probably sail with Mitchell and enter in the

six-day race at Madison Square Garden, New York, Thanksgiving week, to be held under Billy O'Brien's management. Have heard of the miserable fiasco at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, and I think Kilrain better let such would-be sporting men alone, they are a lot of bluffers and no good. Young Hyams, that sailed with O'Brien, is a clinker, and will give some of the light-weights a hard battle. I also see stated in the papers that your champion oarsman, John Teemer, the holder of the "Police Gazette" challenge cup, representing the single-scull championship of the world, has started on his way to Australia, via Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and San Francisco. His meeting with Kemp is already creating considerable comment in aquatic circles here.

The statement that John L. Sullivan has been engaged as sporting editor of a New York paper is the talk in pugilistic circles. Jake Kilrain, Frank Stevenson and Richard K. Fox were in the handsomely furnished office of the latter gentleman for several hours Oct. 16, talking over politics generally, and the prospective fight between Jake and the unknown in particular. In response to a question as to what he thought of John L. Sullivan as an editor, Kilrain said, pleasantly: "I don't know why Sullivan shouldn't make a smart newspaper man. He has some good common sense, but he must take more care of his paper than he did of the circus, or it will not be a prodigious success."

"I understand he's going to report all the fights," put in Frank Stevenson.

"Well," said the big fellow, stroking his mustache and smiling, "all I've got to say is that I'm sorry for the fighters."

The fight between Jack McAuliffe and Billy Dacey was as one sided as a pitcher. Dacey is a clever boxer, but he is not in the same class with McAuliffe. He failed to make the best of his inches, and he never once led at McAuliffe as though he meant to knock a hole in him. He was outgeneraled from first to last. Dick Roche says he will back Jack against any light-weight in the world, and the probabilities are that he will speedily make overtures to Billy Myers, the phenomenal Western light-weight. Billy will then have a chance to know whether he is a real genuine dyed-in-the-wool scrapper or not. McAuliffe says that he would like very much to take the conceit out of Mike Daly, of Bangor, but that he will have to wait until he gets done with Myers. So will Patsy Kerrigan, whose recent good showing with McAuliffe has given him quite a lift in the pugilistic world, and found his backer willing to pit him against Jack in a go to an end. If McAuliffe takes care of himself now there is not a light-weight in the country who has a ghost of a chance with him.

John P. Clow, the Western middle-weight, has left Duluth for Denver, where he will spend the winter. His health has been failing of late, and now he is a mere shadow of his former self. He hopes that the six months he will remain in Denver will completely restore him and that he will be able to enter the ring again in the spring, when it is his intention to once more try conclusions with Mike Conley. Clow made a brief stay in Omaha last week, during which time he was the centre of attraction in sporting circles, and many expressions of sympathy were tendered him. Speaking of his fight with Conley, he said: "When I entered the ring with Conley I was not in much better shape than you see me now. After my match with him was made and my backer's money up I was attacked by the bronchial and stomach disease, which has reduced me to such a skeleton. I found it impossible to train, and when I stood up before the big fellow that night I was not able to fight a kitten. But he didn't knock me out. I had lost my strength, but not my cunning." And a smile overspread the war face. Clow still retains his interest in one of the leading sporting houses of Duluth, and will return there when his health is restored.

Jack McAuliffe, the holder of the "Police Gazette" light-weight championship belt, went to Boston on the 14th, and his appearance caused a fury among the fighters. Patsy Kerrigan and Jimmy Carroll took fight, and Jack agreed to accommodate them when they put up their money. Since Kerrigan stood up in front of the Brooklyn lad in 10 hot rounds he has felt confident of doing him up in a finish fight. One man promised to back him to the extent of \$1,000, and others agreed to raise the rest of a \$2,000 or \$2,500 stake. Jimmy Carroll has \$500 of his own money which he would like to use in backing himself against McAuliffe. If he can get others to chip in, he will challenge McAuliffe. McAuliffe said: "It isn't my place to challenge any one, for I am the champion, but I want the dust now, and I have \$500 posted to fight any light-weight in the world. Carney and Myers preferred. If any of them want a fight they can cover my money. That will show they mean business. I am all right now, and am in condition to fight. I wasn't last winter, and every body had a word to say about my strength, but not my cunning." And a smile overspread the war face. Clow still retains his interest in one of the leading sporting houses of Duluth, and will return there when his health is restored.

Jack McAuliffe, the holder of the "Police Gazette" light-weight championship belt, went to Boston on the 14th, and his appearance caused a fury among the fighters. Patsy Kerrigan and Jimmy Carroll took fight, and Jack agreed to accommodate them when they put up their money. Since Kerrigan stood up in front of the Brooklyn lad in 10 hot rounds he has felt confident of doing him up in a finish fight. One man promised to back him to the extent of \$1,000, and others agreed to raise the rest of a \$2,000 or \$2,500 stake. Jimmy Carroll has \$500 of his own money which he would like to use in backing himself against McAuliffe. If he can get others to chip in, he will challenge McAuliffe. McAuliffe said: "It isn't my place to challenge any one, for I am the champion, but I want the dust now, and I have \$500 posted to fight any light-weight in the world. Carney and Myers preferred. If any of them want a fight they can cover my money. That will show they mean business. I am all right now, and am in condition to fight. I wasn't last winter, and every body had a word to say about my strength, but not my cunning." And a smile overspread the war face. Clow still retains his interest in one of the leading sporting houses of Duluth, and will return there when his health is restored.

Young Walton, of Philadelphia, the feather-weight who fought Tommy Warren, Danforth and others at the Theatre Comique, that city, is out with a challenge to fight any 116-pound man in the country for \$500 to \$500 a side.

Walter Reeks, naval architect, of Sydney, N. S., now on a visit in Boston inspecting the Volunteer and other yachts of Mr. Burgess' designs, intends on his return to build a yacht to try for the America's Cup in 1890.

Young Walton, of Philadelphia, the feather-weight

who fought Tommy Warren, Danforth and others at the Theatre Comique, that city, is out with a challenge to fight any 116-

pound man in the country for \$500 to \$500 a side.

Dan Custy, of Long Island City, champion light-weight of Queens' county, and Johnny Reagan are to box four rounds at Sweeney's Handball Court, Thirty-sixth street and Third avenue, Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, the occasion being a benefit for Custy.

Sam Blakelock, the well-known English light-weight, arrived in this city Oct. 20. Blakelock is a very clever boxer, but he is best at 126 pounds, which is a little light for our men of his class. He would like very much to have a chance at Jack McAuliffe, provided he would not have to give away too much weight.

Champion sculler John Teemer and William O'Connor, of Toronto, Can., have signed articles to row 3 miles, with a turn, over the lower course on the Potomac river, Nov. 24, for \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" challenge cup, which Teemer now holds.

Tom Lees, the Australian, and Jack Fallon, the Brooklyn strong boy, are matched to box ten rounds for gate receipts, the winner to receive 75 per cent., and the loser 25 per cent. The contest will be managed by Frank Stevenson and will take place in this vicinity between Nov. 18 and 20.

The New York "Press" says: "The sporting editors of the New York newspapers feel relieved. Sullivan is not to be one of them after all. He will only be a figurehead, and 'for awhile' he will have a private secretary. 'For awhile' probably means till John can learn to write."

"The Human Foot," by Wm. Beneke, of Beneke Bros., the celebrated shoe manufacturers, of 199 and 201 Canal street, is the title of a book that this enterprising house has just issued. In it Mr. Beneke gives his readers some sound, practical advice on the proper caring of the feet, which he has made a special study.

Mr. Al Spinks, the bright and talented proprietor and editor of the St. Louis *Sporting News*, was among the many who called on Mr. Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE office to welcome him on his return Monday, Oct. 15. The *Sporting News* is one of the *GAZETTE*'s leading contemporaries, and covers the Western field in sporting journalism thoroughly.

The Pittsburgh "Dispatch" states that with the great issue of the baseball championship settled, the mind of the sporting sharp turns upon the momentous problem whether John L. Sullivan is lying at the point of death or getting ready for a prize fight with Jake Kilrain. The former seems to be indicated by the fact that he has not recently done any fighting with his mouth.

Mr. John Oats, the prominent sporting man, of Staten Island, will open an elegant cafe and billiard parlor in Stapleton, on October 25, and has decided to name it "The Police Gazette Saloon." Mr. Oats is a promoter of all kinds of sport, especially the manly art. He will have occasional exhibitions of sparring and athletics in the spacious hall attached to his establishment.

Articles of agreement were signed at this office on October 18, between William Johnson, of Vermont, and Jimmy Carroll of Brooklyn, for a wrestling match, collar and elbow style in harness, best two in three falls, for \$500, the winner to receive 65 per cent. and the loser 35 per cent. of gate receipts, the contest to take place on November 3, at Salas Academy, this city. The first deposit of \$50 a side is in the hands of Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder.

Harry Rogers, Commodore-elect of the American Canoe Association, and Mr. Britton, purser of the northern division of that association, have been up to Ottawa for a couple of days last week in connection with next year's meeting. A canoe will be made of either one of two points in Ontario, namely the Rideau lakes or the Thousand Islands, with the probabilities in favor of the latter.

"This has certainly been Tucker's season," remarked a bookmaker recently, in speaking of the owner of Kermess, Birthday, Red D'Or and other equally famous horses. His horses and his jockey, Barnes, together with his good judgment of horses, have made him a fortune since the drum first tapped in the spring. He and Bryant have been the two most successful men on the turf this season.

An effort is being made by a number of gentlemen owners of fast horses, living in the towns and cities along the Hudson river between Yonkers and Poughkeepsie, to form an association to promote trotting on the ice during the coming

SPORTING.

Hanlan Not Likely to Accept Searle's Challenge to Row a Race For the Championship.

HONORS TO RICHARD K. FOX.

McCaffrey says he will fight Lees if some responsible man will go security for the guarantee.

Tom Ray, the English pole vaulter, increased his record recently, clearing 11 feet 8 1/2 inches.

Pat Killen is out with another bluff. He now asserts his willingness to meet Kilrain, London rules, for \$4,000 a side.

The New York Jockey Club, capital stock \$100,000, has been incorporated. The directors are Alfred H. Morris and L. W. Jerome.

Tom Lees, Jack Fallon and Gus Lambert are all out with challenges. Why not to see which two will pair off and have it out?

The New York "Evening World" says: "Mr. Richard K. Fox, who arrived Oct. 14, will probably bring the sporting pot to a boil."

P. Davin, champion athlete of Ireland, has challenged the amateurs of America to an all-round contest, for a medal of any value or for 'love of the sport.'

Joe Sheehey, the champion heavy-weight of Michigan, knocked out Mike Feit in four rounds, at Bay City, Oct. 11. Sheehey weighed 195 pounds, and Feit 176 pounds.

Petaluma, Cal., has a deaf and dumb pugilist who wants a go with Kilrain. Here is an opportunity for the broadway syndicate to choose an unknown who cannot split or himself.

Joe Coburn and Mike Donovan have both written Prof. Wm. Clarke of St. Louis offering to box the professor with blackened gloves. Clarke has signed his willingness to take up both offers.

Patrik Hines, of Newark, says he has a fighter on his hands, one who will fight anybody in the world at 125 pounds, and that he will back him to any amount between \$500 and \$1,000.

Wright Sanford, one of the most popular and prominent New York club men and the bosom friend of the late Lester Wallack, died at the Glisey House, Friday morning last.

John Murphy, the clever Boston feather-weight, and friend and pupil of Champion Jake Kilrain, has been invited by some gentlemen of this city to meet the winner of the Young-McCarthy contest.

Jack Lewis and Charles Cooper fought for a stake of \$300, "Police Gazette" rules, near New Brunswick, Friday night. Eleven rounds were fought, when Lewis, who was badly beaten, threw up the sponge.

Walter Reeks, naval architect, of Sydney, N. S., now on a visit in Boston inspecting the Volunteer and other yachts of Mr. Burgess' designs, intends on his return to build a yacht to try for the America's Cup in 1890.

Young Walton, of Philadelphia, the feather-weight

who fought Tommy Warren, Danforth and others at the Theatre Comique, that city, is out with a challenge to fight any 116-

REFEREE.

The Result of the Battle For the Light-Weight Championship and Its Significance.

A CUSTOM OF OLD-TIMERS.

The result of the McAuliffe-Dacey fistic battle for the light-weight championship should be a warning to pugilists whose ambition runs away with their brains, and who seek to arrange matches in which the men they challenge to meet in the arena completely outclass them. Dacey is able to conquer any light-weight in his class, but he was never in it with McAuliffe, and he must be aware of this fact, now that the battle has been fought.

It must be understood that there are classes in pugilism as well as in racing, trotting and in school. A 2:30 horse cannot beat one that is in the free for all with a record of 2:10, neither can a selling plate beat a Firenz or a Prince Royal.

McAuliffe is in the first-class among the light-weights, and well worthy to be styled the champion. Next to McAuliffe comes Billy Myers, of Streator, Ill., and then another class is reached, and so on down the pugilistic scale.

Among the heavy, middle and feather-weight pugilists there are also classes. Kilrain, in the heavy-weight class, is at the head of the first class; in the second class are John L. Sullivan, Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, and Joe McAuliffe, and they are at the head of their class.

Among the middle-weights, Jack Dempsey is at the head of the first-class and a long way ahead of all middle-weights; consequently, to leave out the champion—Kilrain, Dempsey and McAuliffe—the balance in their classes would be equally matched, while if any of the heavy, middle or light weights were matched against the three champions—Kilrain, Dempsey and McAuliffe—they would find themselves outclassed and probably meet with defeat at the present time. It is my candid opinion that there are not three men in America able to win in the prize ring, either by contending according to London prize ring or "Police Gazette" rules, against Ja. e. Kilrain, Jack Dempsey or Jack McAuliffe, and future matches will prove it am right.

The old-time champions, matchless and invincible in the prize ring according to fistic chronology, surrendered their laurels to new comers. Tom Hyer, after gaining fistic renown, died of cardiac atrophy, unbroken and unconquered. James, better known as "Yankee Sullivan," was murdered in a San Francisco prison after he had to lower his colors to the once great John Morrissey. The latter, after winning the championship of America by conquering John C. Heenan, the Benicia boy, refused to again make the same journey and retired, leaving Heenan to defend the title, which he succeeded in doing in this country, but the latter failed to maintain the title to the championship of the world in England by making a drawn battle with Tom Sayers, and eventually suffering defeat by Tom King, a pugilist who was Sayers' inferior in the pugilistic line.

Joe Coburn succeeded to the championship after John C. Heenan retired and gained the title by defeating Mike McCool, the Western Giant. Coburn failed to meet the champion in a similar essay, and McCool resigned as the premier, winning battle after battle until Tom Allen, a heavy-weight, came to this country and declared his intention to meet all comers. Allen fought battle after battle with varied success until finally he won the title. McCool, up to his battle with Allen, was the most popular pugilist in this country. He was dubbed King of St. Louis, married a fair-haired Western belle of bewitching beauty and made a fortune. He became a friend to dissipation and fell from the high pinnacle of fame, his wife finally leaving him. Added to his troubles was the loss of his fortune, which compelled him to return to his old calling, steam-boating. He died poor in the South.

Tom Allen then flourished until Jim Mace came upon the pugilistic checker board and loomed up as king of the prize ring. Allen had to defend the prize ring championship, as is the custom for all pugilists who hold that title, and the result was that Allen met his Waterloo.

Allen's defeat knocked him from the top rung of the pugilistic ladder, and Mace succeeded to the championship, which he held until Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, came to this country. The latter had met Joe Wormald, who also had aspired to the title, and while the battle they fought at Lynfield, Mass., was broken up by the police, O'Baldwin gained the stakes and the championship by Wormald's running away to Canada, where he died of delirium tremens. Mace and O'Baldwin were matched, and met in a ring, but owing to the failure of either to secure a referee the match ended in a fizzle, and later Ned O'Baldwin was killed in a sporting house in West street, while he was wrangling with his partner.

Joe Coburn again loomed up as champion and challenged Jim Mace. They fought at Bay St. Louis, and the battle ended in a draw. Mace then retired and Joe Goss came to this country. Tom Allen, who had been on the shelf for some time, challenged him to fight for the title. They fought in Kentucky and Allen lost by a foul, which left Goss champion of America.

Paddy Ryan, of Troy; Johnny Dwyer, of Brooklyn; Jimmy Elliott, of Brooklyn, and Joe Goss were then aspirants for the championship. Elliott and Dwyer fought for the title; the latter won and retired, leaving Paddy Ryan and Joe Goss to wrangle over the championship. A match was arranged, and the battle between them at Collier's Station, W. Va., resulted in Ryan's victory. Allen, Coburn, Mace, McCool and Elliott had retired. Dwyer and Ryan were left with the title, ready to defend it against all others.

John L. Sullivan, about this time, 1879, had loomed up in Boston, and he was anxious to meet Paddy Ryan, and accordingly a match was arranged. The battle was for \$5,000, and the championship, and ended in Sullivan winning in 9 rounds. It was a miserable sample of a championship encounter, for Ryan did not display the form and tact of a champion.

Sullivan only fought one regular prize ring encounter from 1882 until 1888. Efforts were made to match pugilists against him without success.

Finally Jake Kilrain, in 1887, drove him to the wall. Sullivan had always put off his challengers with promises that the contest should be with gloves for a larger amount of stakes than any pugilist could raise. Richard K. Fox decided to put up as large amount of money as Sullivan should have, and back Jake Kilrain against him, but he refused to arrange a match, and Kilrain was presented with the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and declared champion of America.

Sullivan's failure to defend his title ruined his fist reputation, and Kilrain is now the recognized champion of the world.

I think one of the most audacious pieces of swindling ever attempted on the sporting public was brought to light Oct. 10. It is not the first, and probably will not be the last time, that the same scheme has been worked, but if the parties are even successful this country will not be large enough to hold the operators of such work. The story was printed exclusively in the New York *Herald*, Oct. 11, and I think it will be read with considerable interest by the many readers of the *POLICE GAZETTE*.

A conspiracy, cleverly laid and of large proportions—nothing less than to take stealthy possession of all tele-

graphic communication between Jerome Park and New York, and consequently between Jerome Park and all of the other principal betting cities—by this means swindling the pool sellers out of thousands and thousands of dollars, failed yesterday through just one weak link in the chain—a man lacking the villainy and the hardened nerve to carry out the important part that had been especially assigned to him.

The pool sellers may thank their stars for a most lucky escape. The plot was prepared with great perfection of detail, and by men who were all of them thoroughly supplied with the necessary technical knowledge and experience. Who are they in a question that the police would no doubt be glad to answer this morning. But they cannot, although the evidence of their nefarious work was left behind them and may still be seen on the abandoned field of operations.

The ramifications of the scheme were so extensive that pools would have been bought by some of the conspirators not only in New York and Philadelphia, but in Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and, it is possible, in Washington, Baltimore and Louisville. The method was, as in former enterprises of the same kind, to be able to control all track news proceeding from Jerome Park, to hold it back, and to substitute other and false news for it, as suited the object of the operators, and to secure cash at the pool-rooms on tickets placed on horses previously agreed upon as the suppositionists winners. All this required not only elaborate organization but elaborate preparation.

The men composing the ring are all young. The idea was conceived by a skillful telegraph operator, whose standing in that capacity is very high. He had lost a great deal through betting, and he thought of this plan as an infallible means of making an enormous fortune. The proceeds of one play of the game were estimated in advance at \$100,000, and after pocketing them and fleeing the scene it was quite possible at a later period to work the same thing again and with equal success at some other important race course. The absolutely secret nature of the plan, required that every man was faithful to the robbers' code of honor, was its greatest recommendation.

The chief conspirator took into his confidence other operators possessing the needful degree of moral obliquity and who were expert at their profession. He had already been over the ground. There is a small three-story house standing within three-quarters of a mile of the Jerome Park course, on the road leading to Deadhead Hill, four blocks from the railroad station, which is owned by Mr. Henry D. Purroy, the Fire Commissioner. Its situation is such as never to invite suspicion. It happened to be vacant, and the rent was only \$3 a month. The head of the ring hired it and paid the rent in advance.

In the meantime the electrical apparatus and material were purchased of Mr. J. H. Bunnell, in Church street, this city, and were quietly transported thither. They consisted of twenty-five battery cells, a four-wire switchboard, 1,250 feet of covered wire, 100 feet of parafine wire, five boxes relays, 200 feet of office wire, and five telegraph instruments.

At Jerome Park there are three wires connecting with New York. All of them were under the control of the Western Union company. The majority of the city pool rooms get their news of the races by telephone from the operators' room of the main Western Union office. The messages, of course, came originally over the three wires mentioned.

The first thing the conspirators did was to tap these wires, and they adopted a method of doing this which showed that they knew perfectly well what they were about. They managed to enlist by golden promises a lineman in the employ of the Western Union Company. They had to dig a trench between the house and the nearest telegraph pole. In this they buried the 1,250 feet of covered wire which they had twisted into a cable. It was laid only six inches below the surface. Then they set a lineman at work to connect each one of the three wires composing the cable with one of the three wires of the Western Union communicating with the race track. To conceal the portion of the cable which must necessarily be above the surface a groove was cut in the telegraph pole from the ground to the insulators, and it was placed within it. Then the cable was covered over with putty and white lead. Only a very close examination would disclose the fact that pole and wires had been tampered with.

There is always a flaw, however, in the cleverest conspiracies. It is the conscience and inherent cowardice of the evil-doer. The man who strung the wire became frightened and remorseful while he was prosecuting his work in the middle of the night. Every approaching sound made his guilty heart leap to his throat and he frequently gave up the task in abject apprehension, only to return to it again with shame-faced reluctance. His state of mind demanded a confidant and he sought several. The secret thus got wind. He abandoned the work already done in a panic, leaving the clandestine wires exposed to view and likely to betray the whole of the sinful enterprise to any passers-by. He fled no one knows whither.

The operating room was fitted up in the basement of the house. Here were encased the telegraphers, an they slept on hastily-purchased furniture of the roughest description. Their New York accomplices who were to do the betting and get possession of the money were provided with "tips," so-called, so that they would know exactly how to lay their wagers. A cipher was employed to keep up intelligence between the operators and these men, and between them and conspirators in other cities.

It can readily be seen how the plan would have worked. Every word that was wired from Jerome Park to New York, or vice versa, would have passed along the cable into the den of the conspirators in the basement of the house. If it should prove to be an "innocent" message, one that would not frustrate their scheme, the operators would speed it on its way. But if it was the result of a race it would be held and another sent in its stead. For example should the message have been, "First race, Yum-Yum, first: Sam Harper, second," the names of the horses would have been changed in accordance with a schedule previously arranged by the plotters. Pretty scheme, wasn't it, to take it altogether?

But yesterday morning the operators arose to find that it had all been knocked into a cocked hat. The cable had been dug up by the linemen in a fit of conscience and suspicion, lost no time in taking their cues. They knew at once that the game was "up." They too, took to their heels. And the whole story was known the moment the house and its surroundings were visited.

One of the telegraph operators engaged in the scheme was seen by a *Herald* reporter last night. He talked very freely under the promise that no names should be published.

"Were you not afraid of being caught?" he was asked. "Not at all. We had things fixed too well for that. If the innocent lineman hadn't fumbled I would be \$10,000 the richer tonight. As it is, I am broke. I put up what I had to help buy the outfit. There were five of us in it—all operators. One man was to be supervisor of the work and four of us were to work the instruments—two to receive and two to send."

"Was not some professional gambler in the scheme?" "No, not one. The men who were to bet the money here and in other cities are personal friends of ours, and have no connection whatever with pool rooms or gambling houses. Of course, they are occasional betters on the races, otherwise they would not be allowed to stake their money in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, where the pool rooms are under a ban. But there was no way by which they could be traced. No man would play more than two races in any one room."

"How about yourselves; don't you think the scheme would have been discovered before the races were over?"

"Yes, it might have been, but we provided against that. You know the pool-rooms cash all bets, unless they run too high into the thousands, immediately after the result of the race is known. Our men would be among the first to cash up on each race, and then we were not to give more than four races. Immediately after the fourth race we would hide our outfit and skip, leaving the fifth race to come in all right. No sir, there was no way by which we could have been balked except by some one giving the thing away or, as happened, the linemen destroying our connection."

WHIP AND SPUR

Coming Great Horse Exhibition in Madison Square Garden

Nov. 5 to 13.

END OF THE OFFICIAL RACING SEASON.

Tom Quinn, the young Lexington bookmaker, won \$10,000 at the Latonia fall meeting.

Corrigan pulled in \$3,000 on Spectator, Saturday, with \$300.

Lot Slocum, by Electroneer, reduced his record to 2:17 1/4 in a trial against time at the Spokane Falls (W. T.) meeting.

Bob Lynn made a visit to his old home at Maysville, Ky. He had a very successful season, quitting some \$10,000 or \$12,000 winner.

John Dowling, who was cut by Jack Chinn at the Latonia race track last week, it is said, will prosecute his assailant to the bitter end.

Cartwright is the king bookmaker, and has made nearly \$100,000 at the business. At his home in Nashville he is one of the most popular men in the profession.

The trotting match between Kinder Wilkes, Bermuda and Baron Wilkes, for a sweepstakes of \$10,000 each, will be trotted the first good day and track next week.

Jockey George Taylor has virtually agreed to go with the Dwyers next season. Taylor can ride at 100 without wasting, and at heavier weights with lead in the saddle, can ride with the best jockeys.

The relations between Sam Bryant and his partner, Scroggins, are a trifle strained; they are not now jointly interested in anything but Proctor Knott, and report has it that the colt will belong to one or the other before very long.

Fred Folger, 2:30 1/4, will be driven on the road this winter and carefully prepared for the Grand Circuit next year. He will be one of the starters in the next Charter Oak stake if he has as much speed in 1889 as he had at Poughkeepsie last June.

Jockey Garrison was presented by his employer, B. A. Hargan, with a handsome scarfskin. It is a horse's foot of gold, diamonds and sapphires, the frog enameled and edged with orange, and in the centre the name "Firetail" in antique letters.

While James Donelly was exercising a stallion on the race course at Topeka last Friday the saddle turned and Donelly fell, catching his foot in the stirrup. When the horse was stopped his hind foot came down on the man's head, tearing it from his body.

At Mystic Park, Boston, Oct. 18, Lady Wilkins beat Allan Maid in a pacing race, which, considering the heaviness of the track, was one of the greatest contests ever seen on that course. The winner took the second, third and fourth heats in 2:17, 2:18 1/4 and 2:19 1/4 respectively.

Lexington's fall meeting began Monday and continued during the week. It will serve to bring out a majority of the horses which have been resting up since July, and the best of the campaigners recently seen at Louisville and Latonia. The daily card will consist of four races.

It is reported that the b m Dolly Fuller, by Niagara Chief, died recently in Kentucky. She is the dam of Fuller, 2:18 1/4, and had a foal this season by Kentucky Prince. Dolly Fuller was owned by Dr. McCullly, of Toronto, Can., and was sent to Kentucky to be bred to Belmont after Pancoast was injured.

The filly Alcagetta, owned by A. H. Gilbert, of New Haven, Conn., who last season was a two-year-old, beat the record, having made a mile in 2:27 at Mystic Park, Boston, died suddenly last week. Alcagetta was from Lady Dartford, by Alcantara. Early this summer she was driven a mile on the half-mile track of the Derby Driving Association in 2:27, the last half being trotted in 1:11 1/4 and the last quarter in :24, a 2:16 gait. It is reported that Mr. Gilbert had received an offer of \$25,000 for her but refused it.

The filly Mimy, Mr. Withers' latest sensational two year old, is a brown bay with a broad blaze, left hind pastern white, and has a large white spot on the front of her right hind coronet. She has a large, intelligent head, with less dash in her face than most of the King Ernests. She has a long, muscular neck, is deep in the brisket, and, like her dam, Mimy, when the latter was in training, she tucks up rather in the flank, but has a good spread of hips and plenty of power in her quarters and stifles, with good flat legs and round feet, but is a shade upright in her pasterns. She resembles Dwdrop somewhat and more so when in action. She is an own sister to the Mikado, who rated very nearly first-class a few years ago.

For the present year, Clifton and Guttenberg make a fair division of running days. The former association will race on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the latter on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The Clifton course is now very much improved. It is a six-furlong one of great width, which will insure both safety to the competing horses and fair starts for large fields. The grand stand has been enlarged and fitted up with a view to the comfort of the public, and the betting quarters will accommodate from thirty-five to forty bookmakers. Major C. C. Wheeler will remain as presiding judge, and Gabe Caldwell will handle the flag as of yore. It is the intention of the Clifton club to give two \$500 and three \$250 purse daily. Such liberality is bound to attract a good class of horses.

The purrs are busy building up a table of age records. The following are the best for two, three, and four and five years old:

Five-year-old stallion Roy Wilkes	2:14 1/2
Four-year-old gelding Arrow	2:13
Four-year-old stallion Bessamer	2:15
Four-year-old gelding Arrow	2:14
Four-year-old filly Lillian	2:19 1/2
Three-year-old stallion Diddi Peet	2:22 1/2
Three-year-old gelding Adonis	2:20 1/2
Three-year-old filly Gold Leaf	2:15
Two-year-old filly Irma	2:24 1/2

The corresponding records for the trotters are:

Five-year-old stallion Fred	2:14 1/2
Five-year-old gelding Jay-Eye-See	2:10 1/2
Five-year-old filly Rosaline Wilkes	2:18 1/2
Four-year-old stallion Crown	2:18 1/2
Four-year-old gelding Jay-Eye-See	2:19
Four-year-old filly Manganta	2:16
Three-year-old stallion Adonis	2:20 1/2
Three-year-old gelding Phil Thompson	2:18
Three-year-old filly Hinda Rose</td	



HUGH J. GALLAGHER,
THE FIREMAN AND PAL OF THE ENGINEER HENRY COOK OF
MUD RUN CELEBRITY.



GOT THE DROP ON HIS FATHER.
GEORGE ROWE, AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD YOUTH, OF MAMOMET,
ILL., SHOOTS HIS FATHER DURING A QUARREL.



HENRY COOK,
WHO RAN THE TRAIN WHICH CAUSED THE FRIGHTFUL DIS-
ASTER AT MUD RUN.



HE THREW UP HIS HANDS.
BURGLARS BREAK IN THE HOUSTON, TEX., POST OFFICE, OVERPOWER THE CLERK,
ALF. ROBERTS, AND PROCEED TO RIFLE THE MAILS.



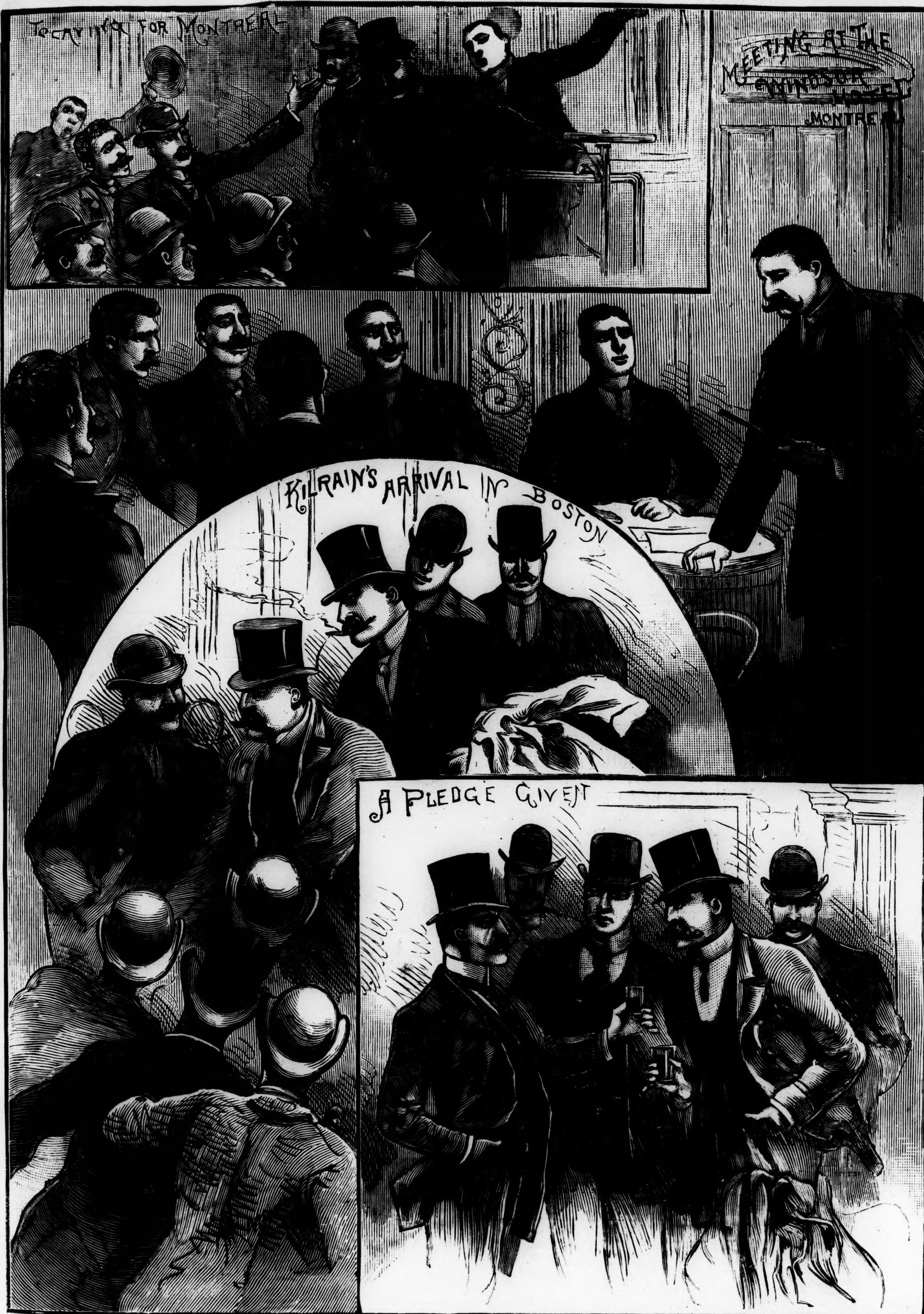
AN ELEPHANT IN A RAGE.
FOREPAUGH'S "CHIEF" BREAKS HIS CHAIN IN HIS WINTER QUARTERS IN PHILA-
DELPHIA, PA., AND IS ONLY SUBDUED BY RIFLE BALLS.



SHE WAS ATTIRE IN SPOTLESS WHITE.
MRS. JOSEPH T. MOORE, OF OAKFIELD, N. Y., SHOOTS HERSELF TO SECURE HER RELEASE FROM ALLEGED UNHAPPY MARITAL TIES.



THEY STONED HIM TO DEATH.
THE ALLEGED MURDER OF JOHN WATERS BY THE BOYLE BROTHERS, NAPOLEON REEVES AND DWIGHT SHERMAN AT ADAMS, MASS.



THAT MONTREAL FIASCO.

THE JOURNEY TO CANADA BY CHAMPION KILRAIN AND PARTY TO MEET THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN, WHO DID NOT MATERIALIZE—JAKE'S ARRIVAL IN BOSTON.

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On Friday morning last J. B. McClure, a paymaster in the employ of Contractor McFadden, who is building a new branch road from Pittston, Pa., to Fairview for the Lehigh Valley Railroad, says a special from Wilkshire appeared with his assistant, Hugh Flanagan, at the Wyoming National Bank and drew from that institution the sum of \$12,000, with which to pay the men employed in the construction of the new road.

Contractor McFadden left his office on the mountain a few minutes after 11 o'clock for Miner's Mills. He drove about a mile and a half along the mountain road and was astonished to see standing in the middle of the highway his paymaster's horse and gig. The horse was bleeding from a number of wounds. Between the wheels lay the body of Paymaster McClure. McFadden jumped out of his carriage, turned McClure over on his back, and found that he was dead. A number of ugly gunshot wounds in various parts of his body showed the cause of death. The contractor drove back immediately to his works and told his foreman, Alexander McQuinn, and they, hastily arming themselves, went back to the scene of the murder. After a short search they found the dead body of the guard.

THE WOMEN SCREAMED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The excursion train from Goshen, Ind., on Wednesday night was raided by a gang of pickpockets, who inaugurated a reign of terror on the train. In one of the coaches reserved for ladies from Warsaw men climbed all over the seats, and it is estimated that fully two hundred people were jammed into the coach. Fights and brawls were frequent, during which the light-fingered gentry got in their work, and whenever the trainmen rushed in to quell a disturbance the terrorized passengers would not dare to point out the thieves. The crooks, besides taking watches and pocketbooks, boldly stole checks out of passengers' hats and rode on them. Several pistol shots were fired and one man was severely wounded. He was taken off the train at Warsaw. The ladies on the train screamed almost constantly and it is reported that several fainted.

FLORENCE ASH BROOKE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Florence Ashbrooke, whose expressive face adorns our theatrical gallery this week, was born in Stratford-on-Avon. She made her first appearance on the stage at Brighton, England, with Tom Thorne's company, playing *Tilly Sholby* in "The Cricket on the Hearth." On coming to America, Miss Ashbrooke played one season with Rose Eyring; played forty weeks in comic opera, and afterward joined Edward E. Rice's burlesque companies and remained with him two years. Miss Ashbrooke died herself credit in "Adonis" and "Evanescing" by her dancing. Then followed a season with Louise Baile and an engagement with Frank A. Tannhill. At present Miss Ashbrooke is in *The Queen in W. J. Gilmore's "Twelve Temptations" company*, and has won golden opinions from press and public.

HE THREW UP HIS HANDS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Houston, Tex., post office was robbed on Friday morning at an early hour. Alf Roberts, the night clerk, was found lying upon the floor in an unconscious condition a few minutes after the robbers left. A negro employed by the *Daily Post* to take its early mail to the office had been there with one or two packages of mail, and was due again when two men entered. At that moment Roberts was at the money desk, and one of the men stood at his side with a drawn pistol before he knew that any one was in the office. The intruder ordered him to throw up his hands, which he did. The other then gagged him, bound him in a chair, and after forcing a quantity of whisky down his throat, proceeded to rip open the mail pouches that contained money.

AN ELEPHANT IN A RAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Chief," Adam Forepaugh's ponderous elephant, which ranks next to Bolivar, the largest in size in captivity, lies probably fatally wounded under the covering of the winter quarters, Elgemont avenue, above Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., from twenty-five rifle shots which were fired into his body the other evening after he had broken loose from Bolivar while being taken out of the cars. Chief created a panic among the employees of the circus when he got away from his companion, and was not brought into submission until he had knocked down nearly a dozen men and smashed many chairs and benches.

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S DEMENTED ACT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Prof. Curtis B. Wiley, sixty-seven years old, was found dead in Tawanda Creek, Batavia, N. Y., Wednesday afternoon. He had removed a watch and a shawl which he always wore, leaving them on the bank, and had evidently walked into the stream until the water reached his waist, and then tending his body forward drowned himself. Financial and domestic troubles had driven him insane. For many years Prof. Wiley was a successful educator, years ago conducting a flourishing private school here. His wife and a daughter are residents of the eastern part of the State.

THEY STONED HIM TO DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Waters on Sunday night went to the house of James and Martin Boyle, in Adams, Mass. The Boyles, Napoleon Reeves and Dwight Sherman were there, and the party drank. Shortly afterwards Waters' wife knocked, and on being refused admission she kicked in the door, insisting that her husband should leave the place. Finally Waters and wife left, followed by the rest of the party, who stoned them. Waters was hit on the head and his skull fractured. He managed to get into a house near by, where he died. His assailants were arrested.

"OUR CHAMPION, JAKE KILRAIN."

Special attention is called to the latest song with the above title, by the eminent composer, Mr. M. H. Rosenfeld. The entire song, with words and music, will shortly be published in this paper. Look out for the issue containing it. As the song has been copyrighted by Mr. Richard K. Fox, those wishing to obtain copies may apply to this office. Mr. M. H. Rosenfeld wrote the *Evening Sun's* "Red Bandanna" song for the Democrats, "Tippecanoe and Morton, Too," for the Republicans, and "Belva Dear" for the Woman's Rights

party, besides numerous other partisan and non-partisan productions. As an exponent of musical versatility Mr. Rosenfeld stands at the head of modern originality.

STRUCK DOWN BY HIGHWAYMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Major Rufus King, a member of Gov. Green's staff, was assaulted by a highwayman early Wednesday evening in a lonesome locality in North Elizabeth, N. J., while walking from the railroad station to his home. The ruffian was secreted behind some bushes, and as Major King went by he came from his hiding place and struck him a blow on the head with a club. The Major shrieked as he fell to the ground. His outcry was heard by two men in the vicinity, but they were unable to overtake the highwayman.

GOT THE DROP ON HIS FATHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

George Rowe, 18 years old, the son of James Rowe, of Mamouet, Ill., shot his father on Wednesday, the ball passing through his neck. The father will die. Rowe was a butcher, and kept a small stock of goods. He charged George with stealing cigars from the show case, and a quarrel resulted. The father threw a scale weight at his son, who immediately drew a revolver and fired. He was arrested and is lodged in the county jail at Urbana to await the result of the wounds.

SET FIRE TO THE BED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Mary Wilson, of Bement avenue, New Brunswick, N. J., while ill with typhoid fever and delirious set fire to the bed clothes on her bed, and then jumped into the flames. She died on Sunday from the burns she received.

WANTED—PHOTOS AND ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

The POLICE GAZETTE will pay liberally for all photographs and original drawings pertaining to subjects suitable for illustration in its columns. In all cases where illustrations submitted to the GAZETTE for publication are of purely local interest they must be accompanied by newspaper clippings as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the senders. Artists, photographers and correspondents are requested to send their names to the publisher. Richard K. Fox.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its efficacy on a large number of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his scientific fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

OLD DR. CATON'S GOODS are reliable. See advt.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HUSKED AND PERFORM THE WORK OF THE NATURAL DRUM. INVISIBLE, COMFORTABLE AND ALWAYS IN POSITION. CONVERSATION, EVEN WHISPERS, HEARD DISTINCTLY. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS. FREE! F. HISCOX, 833 BROADWAY, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE ANNUAL HOLIDAY EDITION OF THE POLICE GAZETTE

Will be the regular issue No. 587, published December 6th, 1888.

Advertising columns close MONDAY, DEC. 3d, at 3 P. M. No advance in rates, \$1 per line. An issue of not less than 250,000 may be confidently relied upon, making the cost 25¢ of a cent per line per thousand issued, for the most effective, and consequently the cheapest advertising medium in the world.

A MAGNIFICENT COLORED SUPPLEMENT will be presented with this edition.

Don't fail to be represented on that occasion. Address all orders to

RICHARD K. FOX,
P. O. BOX 40.
New York City.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Huber Stamp Outfit for marking your name on Cards, Books, Linen, &c. **Any Color** Link you wish also Agent's Outfit of New Style Cards and Scrap Pictures. New Premium List and Catalogue, all complete. **10¢.** **Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Conn.**

YOU CAN GET THEM. TRANSPARENT CARDS (53) with hidden views, price 50¢. Sample set of life photos with above, secure. Stamps taken. NOVELTY CO., Box 124, Ossining, N. Y.

THE INK LICE ON THE "POZETTE" IS MANUFACTURED BY J. H. BONNELL & CO., (LIMITED) NEW YORK.

Macous discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid.

987 Hidden Name and Photo Cards, Scrap Pictures, Pictures, Games, Tickets to Magic, one of Everett Cards, and many kinds of Pictures (not pictures). All for 3 cent stamp. Hause Card Co., Cedar, Ohio.

GUNS REVOLVERS. Send stamp for price list to J. H. Johnston & Son, Pittsburg, Pa.

GENTS. our Magic Revealer (with right photo), beats them all, only 15¢; get it. Box 38, Northford, Conn.

BILLS (Curiosities) 1 sample, 25¢; 10 for \$1. 125 for \$10. F. M. Tyack, Wrightsville, Ark.

SYphilis CAN BE CURED by the COOK REMEDY CO., Omaha, Neb.

PHOTOS 20 lovely full length beauties, only 10¢. 60 for 25¢. THURBER & CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.

CARDS.

GENUINE

French Transparent Playing Cards, each card containing a rare scene, visible only when held to the light. Full pack (53) by mail or ex., \$1. Colored life scenes of men and women, perfectly natural and true to nature, two companion pictures, four scenes, 25 cts.; six pictures, 12 scenes, 50 cts. The cards, set of pictures and some exquisite poetry, by mail, secure from our agents and warranted satisfactory for \$1 per box.

Address FRENCH IMP. CO., Box 127, Boston, Mass.

Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

CARDS Transparent—53 Hidden Views, 10 two-cent stamps. F. William, 13 N. Clark, Chicago.

party, besides numerous other partisan and non-partisan productions. As an exponent of musical versatility Mr. Rosenfeld stands at the head of modern originality.

STRUCK DOWN BY HIGHWAYMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Major Rufus King, a member of Gov. Green's staff, was assaulted by a highwayman early Wednesday evening in a lonesome locality in North Elizabeth, N. J., while walking from the railroad station to his home. The ruffian was secreted behind some bushes, and as Major King went by he came from his hiding place and struck him a blow on the head with a club. The Major shrieked as he fell to the ground. His outcry was heard by two men in the vicinity, but they were unable to overtake the highwayman.

GOT THE DROP ON HIS FATHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

George Rowe, 18 years old, the son of James Rowe, of Mamouet, Ill., shot his father on Wednesday, the ball passing through his neck. The father will die. Rowe was a butcher, and kept a small stock of goods. He charged George with stealing cigars from the show case, and a quarrel resulted. The father threw a scale weight at his son, who immediately drew a revolver and fired. He was arrested and is lodged in the county jail at Urbana to await the result of the wounds.

SET FIRE TO THE BED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Mary Wilson, of Bement avenue, New Brunswick, N. J., while ill with typhoid fever and delirious set fire to the bed clothes on her bed, and then jumped into the flames. She died on Sunday from the burns she received.

WANTED—PHOTOS AND ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

The POLICE GAZETTE will pay liberally for all photographs and original drawings pertaining to subjects suitable for illustration in its columns. In all cases where illustrations submitted to the GAZETTE for publication are of purely local interest they must be accompanied by newspaper clippings as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the senders. Artists, photographers and correspondents are requested to send their names to the publisher. Richard K. Fox.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its efficacy on a large number of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his scientific fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

OLD DR. CATON'S GOODS are reliable. See advt.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HUSKED AND PERFORM THE WORK OF THE NATURAL DRUM. INVISIBLE, COMFORTABLE AND ALWAYS IN POSITION. CONVERSATION, EVEN WHISPERS, HEARD DISTINCTLY. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS. FREE! F. HISCOX, 833 BROADWAY, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE ANNUAL HOLIDAY EDITION OF THE POLICE GAZETTE

Will be the regular issue No. 587, published December 6th, 1888.

Advertising columns close MONDAY, DEC. 3d, at 3 P. M. No advance in rates, \$1 per line. An issue of not less than 250,000 may be confidently relied upon, making the cost 25¢ of a cent per line per thousand issued, for the most effective, and consequently the cheapest advertising medium in the world.

A MAGNIFICENT COLORED SUPPLEMENT will be presented with this edition.

Don't fail to be represented on that occasion. Address all orders to

RICHARD K. FOX,
P. O. BOX 40.
New York City.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Huber Stamp Outfit for Marking Your Name on Cards, Books, Linen, &c. **Any Color** Link you wish also Agent's Outfit of New Style Cards and Scrap Pictures. New Premium List and Catalogue, all complete. **10¢.** **Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Conn.**

YOU CAN GET THEM. TRANSPARENT CARDS (53) with hidden views, price 50¢. Sample set of life photos with above, secure. Stamps taken. NOVELTY CO., Box 124, Ossining, N. Y.

THE INK LICE ON THE "POZETTE" IS MANUFACTURED BY J. H. BONNELL & CO., (LIMITED) NEW YORK.

Macous discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid.

987 Hidden Name and Photo Cards, Scrap Pictures, Pictures, Games, Tickets to Magic, one of Everett Cards, and many kinds of Pictures (not pictures). All for 3 cent stamp. Hause Card Co., Cedar, Ohio.

GUNS REVOLVERS. Send stamp for price list to J. H. Johnston & Son, Pittsburg, Pa.

GENTS. our Magic Revealer (with right photo), beats them all, only 15¢; get it. Box 38, Northford, Conn.

BILLS (Curiosities) 1 sample, 25¢; 10 for \$1. 125 for \$10. F. M. Tyack, Wrightsville, Ark.

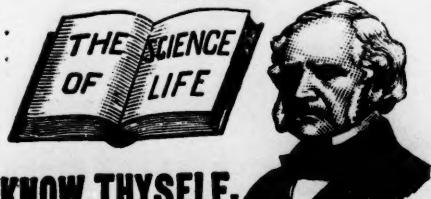
SYphilis CAN BE CURED by the COOK REMEDY CO., Omaha, Neb.

PHOTOS 20 lovely full length beauties, only 10¢. 60 for 25¢. THURBER & CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.

party, besides numerous other partisan and non-partisan productions. As an exponent of musical versatility Mr. Rosenfeld stands at the head of modern originality.

PUBLICATIONS.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.
A Great Medical Work for Young and Middle-Aged Men.
NEW EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.



KNOW THYSELF.

YOUNG and middle-aged men who are suffering from the indiscretions of youth. Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, etc., and their friends will be greatly relieved to know that all who are sick and suffering and do not know what ails them, can be cured without fail by following the instructions in the Science of Life or Self-Preservation. Price only \$1 by mail postpaid, sealed. It is a book for every man: 300 pages, full gilt: 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases. Fully endorsed by the National Medical Association who awarded the gold and jewelled medals to the author. Illustrative with many diagrams of the human frame. Address you only now. Address: The Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted confidentially on all diseases of man, his specialty.

"The Science of Life," the latest work from the pen of the able and distinguished consulting physician of the Peabody Medical Institute, Boston, is by far the best medical book for young and middle-aged men ever sent forth in the English language, and it is published by an institute founded by the greatest philanthropist known in America or England. —*Family Herald*.

There is no member of society to whom the Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman. —*Argonaut*.

SMITH, AINSLIE & CO.,

Agents in England for the POLICE GAZETTE, ORMONDE HOUSE, 25 NEWCASTLE ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND, Export BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, PERIODICALS, PRINTS, &c., to all parts of the world. They also undertake the COLLECTION and DISPATCH of GENERAL GOODS. Respectable agencies accepted. Send for Terms, Catalogue, &c.

FREE READING.

If you are undecided what papers to subscribe for send us your address, with 10 cents, silver, and we will forward your name to publishers all over the country, who will send you magazines and papers of every description in abundance. It is the best investment you can make of a dime. It will yield BIG returns. Try it. Subscribe to no paper without getting our price. We can save you money. Mention Police Gazette.

HUB SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY, Box 366, Boston, Mass.

THE SPANISH VIRGIN. A Nymph's Passion: On Lucy's Nuptial Night, and 10 other pieces, sealed, for 25c. Songs: Something to Tickle the Girls; Some Girls Do and Some Girls Don't; I Could Tell It if I Felt It in the Dark; and many numbers of others similar sent, well sealed, for 25c. One set of 6 colored photos, beauties, cabinet, 25c. The Silent Assistant, 5c. The Tickler, 25c. All at one time with full list of same, well sealed, for 51. J. RELAY & Co., Box 528, Boston, Mass.

KEEP MUM. BIG BOOK — 400 Pages. Illustrated, Cloth-bound. A rare one, not excelled. Worth \$10 to any Sport, but costs only \$2. Send P. O. Order for it to Alert Publishing Co., Dayton, Ohio.

WE

Will send you the book Cousins, original copy, fully illustrated, and contains 311 pages of fancy reading, \$1.50; a full pack of Transparent Playing Cards, the kind you want, for \$1.50. Also the finely illustrated and very rare book Lucy's Love Lessons, \$1.50. I will send you either Book or Cards, well sealed, by express or mail, on receipt of price, or the two Books and pack of cards to one address for \$3. W. Scott, 89 Nassau St., N. Y.

SECRETS OF NATURE EXPOSED. MARRIAGE GUIDE. A Book of Nature, private guide to Marriage Life, showing (50 ENGRAVINGS). Birth, How, Why, What, and relations of sexes. Send \$1 bill. TOO FUNNY for anything! Spirited pictures, before and after marriage. 20c. MAUD'S CONFESSION. The Maiden's Dream. 2c. J. A. MACKENZIE, Box 365, Jersey City, N. J.

FRENCH

Books in English. Very rare, with very choice reading, containing large colored illustrations. Sample copies well sealed, 50c. 3 books, same nature, all different, \$1. French transparent playing cards, full pack, \$1. Try them. If they don't suit return and get your money. Address: FRENCH IMPORTING CO., Box 127, Boston, Mass.

YOU!

Adventures of an Arkansas doctor with his female patients—a rare book—168 pages of fancy reading, choice bits and bobs, male and female illustrations. By mail, well sealed, 50c.: 3 books, same nature, all different, \$1. French transparent playing cards, full pack, \$1. Try them. If they don't suit return and get your money. Address: H. J. RELAY & Co., Box 528, Boston, Mass.

A SILENT PROTECTOR. Price 25c.: 4 for 50c.: 9 for \$1. The Secret Helper for ladies and gents 50c.: 3 for \$1. A Phantom Lover, \$1. Phantom Bride, \$1 each. One of each, with useful information and samples of other goods for both sexes, sent well sealed on receipt of \$2. Address: CLIMAX PUBLISHING CO., 550, CHICAGO.

HUSBAND WANTED. I am 23 yrs old, plain-looking man, 5' 7 1/2" high, 150 lbs, brown hair, brown eyes, good, affectionate man. On my wedding day I will give my husband \$10,000, and \$50,000 a year. If we are still living together, I will give him \$10,000 a year. Address: 100 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

"Pleasure Promoter," tells how 'twas done to Helen the first time, "Oh, George" 100 pages, rich and racy life pictures. Sealed, 50c.: three, \$1.00. Different ways doing it, illustrated, 30c.: four, \$1.00. Rubber Article, 30c.: four, \$1.00. "Tickler," 10c. All \$1.00. B. W. BOWERS, 108 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

MARRIAGE and its RESULTS! 14 vivid Pictures! 140 pages. Printed Photo of your Husband or Wife. Teasing LOVE letter and 15 valuable SECRETS, all for 10c. 3 lots 25c. West. Supply Co., St. Louis, Mo.

SPORTS,

If you would like something nice, send stamped addressed envelope to T. H. Jones, Box 302, Jersey City.

A BEDROOM CIRCUS in 22 sets: 36 pictures, card and book, 25c. 30 interesting situations, sent plainly sealed, by mail, \$1.00. P. O. Box 2407, Boston, Mass.

DYING GIRL'S MESSAGE and 100 other Popular SONGS for 10 cents. List of Songs Free. H. J. WEHNER, 130 Park Row, N. Y.

MEDICAL.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

Suffers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood.

BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease. In the case of the male scrofula, scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctors for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a result in a simple and effective way. Hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this.

—Erythroxylon coca 1/4 drachm.
Jerubebin, 1/4 drachm.
Helonias Diclo, 1/4 drachm.
Gentian, 1/4 drachm.
Ext. ignatia, 1/2 oz. (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, 4 s.

Mix. Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in the cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative and tonic use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a carefully sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

Address or call on

NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

SYPHILIS CAN BE CURED by the COOK REMEDY Co., Omaha, Neb.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DANCING SKELETON.

A jointed figure of a skeleton 14 inches high. Will dance to music and perform various tricks. When placed in a chair or on a table will begin to move, stand up, lie down, &c., to the astonishment of all. Just the thing for social gatherings. Sample by mail, three for 25c.; one dozen, 50c.

Howard Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

Imperial Pen and Pencil Stamp.

Your name on this useful article for marking linen, books, cards, etc., 25c. Agents sample, 20c. Club of six, \$1.00. EAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Conn.

Solid Gold-Plated Watches, Key and Stem.

\$3.00 to \$8.00: 7-barrel Revolvers, \$1.50 to \$5.00. Hand-made, 2-barrel Shot-Gun, Breech, \$12.50; Knives, 10c. to 75c.; a chance for street men, auctioneers, &c. Send 2 cents for illustrated catalogue. CHAMPION NOVELTY CO., 200 West Forty-first St., New York City.

Gents' Protectors, best rubber, durable and safe, 25c. for 50c. Ladies' Friend, 30c.; Tickler, 25c.; French Secret, 25c.; Cupid's Charm, 25c.; Nansen's Clara's Song with photo and 12 others, 25c.; all, \$1. French Invigorator, \$1. HANSON BROS., Chicago, Ill.

"The Police Gazette Ink"

Used on this paper is manufactured expressly by FRED K. LEVEY & Co., 50 Beekman Street, New York.

Ladies! We will send any lady a valuable recipe that cost \$6, and a rubber shield on receipt of 50c.

HOW to get it, sure as fate. We send hook, secret, and 25c. pkg Lovine, all sealed, 30c., stamp. Never fail. Lock Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

Results of Errors of Youth completely removed: Health and Manhood restored by the Nervous Debility Pills. Address N. E. MED. INSTITUTE, Boston.

75 CARDS 25 May 17 U. Home Cards, 25 Novelty Cards, 25 Novelty Cards, and Novelty Cards of Hellen Name. 75 cards on one card. All 10 cents. Steam Card Works, Station 11, N. Y.

\$5 \$10 and \$20 BILLS (curiosities). Sample \$5 45 cents. F. M. TYACK, Wrightsville, Ark.

Free Illus. catalogue, sealed. Books, Cards, Photos. Send 2c. stamp. Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

\$2 for \$1; \$12 for \$5; \$25 for \$10. Sample Lock Box 621, Chicago.

SECRETS FOR LOVERS! A book for PRIVATE persons, only 10c. Western Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Sample, 10c. silver. H. BAILEY, Port Norris, N. J.

PUBLICATIONS.

RARE & CURIOUS BOOKS 48 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE.

A TEASING LOVE LETTER, will read two ways; 15 versions of love, and 3 of the funniest nectures ever issued. 10c.: sure to suit. P. O. Box 254, N. Y.

Clara's Game. He Wanted to Try It. She Caught On at Once. It was In. 25 cents. TIGA NOVELTY CO., Box 1251, Philadelphia, Pa.

Night emissions, waste in the urine, permanently removed. Use Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, for \$5. N. E. MED. INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

TOO FUNNY for anything. 14 spirited pictures showing a young married couple in all sorts of antics; 10c., silver. F. B. TELL, Thompsonville, N. Y.

SECRETS FOR LOVERS! A book for PRIVATE persons, only 10c. Western Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Sample, 10c. silver. H. BAILEY, Port Norris, N. J.

SEXUAL POWER

Positively and Permanently Restored in 2 to 10 days, effects in 24 hours; almost immediate relief. No nauseating drugs, minerals, pills or poisons, but the delicious MEXICAN CONFETION, composed of fruits, herbs and plants. The most powerful tonic known. Restores the Vigor, Snap and Health of youth. Sealed Book free, giving full particulars. **SECRETS FOR LOVERS!** A book for PRIVATE persons, only 10c. Western Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR MEN ONLY! A NEW BOOK ON DEBILITY AND ATROPHY.

Explains only method to enlarge and strengthen all weak, stunted, undeveloped organs and parts of the body. Also quickest, easiest cure for all sorts of diseases and general debility.

The effects of early errors and later excesses, weakness of body and mind, unnatural losses, nervousness, impotence, etc., CURED to "say cured." Every condition of robust, noble manhood fully restored, unless beyond human aid. Must testify from 47 States, Territories and foreign countries. You can write to me, I will answer in a manner as any human agency can be. This book mailed (sealed) free of charge. Address: ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WEAK ADVICE FREE! HOW TO ACT!

Men Made Strong.

Lost Vigor and Manhood Restored. Premature Decline and Functional disorders cured without Stomach Medicines. Sealed Treatise sent free upon application.

MARSH CO., 15 Park Place, New York.

Conorrhœa or Cleet

Positively and permanently cured by using Gedney's Pearls, known as reliable over 50 years.

Descriptive circular mailed free. Dr. W. GEDNEY, 203 E. 8th St., N. Y.

MEN YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED or OLD!

I have a positive remedy for all diseases resulting from errors of youth, indiscretions or excesses; I will send particular with instructions for private cure at home and treatise free to any sufferer. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Fast Hampton, Conn.

Piles instant relief, final cure in a few days, and never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address: J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 20 days. No opiate till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Impediments to marriage removed by using our Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; \$6 for \$5, postpaid. N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Fuller's Youthful Vigor Pills. For lost manhood, impotence and nervous debility. \$2. All druggists, or by mail. Depot: 429 Canal St., cor. Varick.

Perfume strengthens, enlarges and develops any portion of the body. Price \$1. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted)

NIGHT EMISSIONS; sure cure; cured my case after all doctors failed. If affected, confidently address: F. B. WILBER, Sainte Marie, Mich.

SYPHILIS CAN BE CURED by the COOK REMEDY Co., Omaha, Neb.

MEDICAL.

DR. OWEN'S BODY BATTERY!
FOR MAN AND WOMAN NATURE'S PROMPT REMEDY.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE CURE OF DISEASE.

We have Thousands of Testimonials to prove that it

will Cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, Rheumatism,

Neuralgia, Lumbar, all

Kidney Diseases, Pain Over Back, Dyspepsia,

Affections of the Mind and Body in Old and Young,

and Lost Vitality; and Makes Weak Men Strong.

As a Lady's Remedy it is unequalled for Irregular

Menstruation and Female Complaints.

This Electro-Galvanic Body Belt was patented Aug.

16, 1887, and is superior to all others. The current is under perfect control of wearer, and can be REVERSED, DETACHED, made MILD or STRONG at will to suit any complaint. The Suspensory for weakness of men is connected directly to the Battery, the



DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.

HIGHWAY ROBBERS MURDER J. B. McCLURE, A RAILROAD PAYMASTER, AND HIS GUARD, HUGH FLANAGAN, ON A LONELY SPOT NEAR WILKESBARRE, PA.